THE TIMES.

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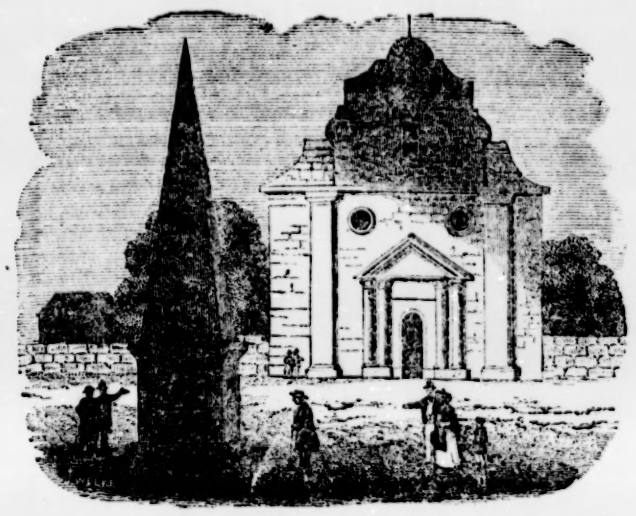

PUBLIC SQUARE AND OBELISK, St. Augustine.

FLORIDA SCENERY.

Williams in speaking of Florida says, it is in itself a natural curiosity. It is, as all who are acquainted with the outline of the United States will allow, a singularly formed peninsula. Mr. Seagrove alleges that it is a sand-bank; but Mr. Williams supposes it to be a calcareous fragment of the Appalachian mountain, covered with some sterile sand-banks, some rich, variegated clay-banks, and some beautiful coralines. It is remarkable that, although Florida has many beautiful streams, some of them are found pursuing a considerable part of their course under ground. Pretty streams of sweet and pure water often rush headlong into some wild opening in the rocks, and entirely disappear; and it is quite common to see streams jet forth from the earth. Mr. Williams gives the following description in his work on Florida, published in 1837:

THE WAKULLY RIVER.

"The Wakully River rises about ten miles northwest of St. Mark's from one of the finest springs in Florida, or, perhaps, in the world. It is of an oval form, the largest diameter of which is about six rods. It is of an unknown depth, and perfectly transparent. In looking into it, the color resembles a clear blue sky, except near the border, where it has a slight tinge of green, from the reflection of the surrounding verdure, which hangs over it in drooping branches and waving festoons. The eastern side presents a rugged, rocky precipice; all else is an abyss of boundless depth. Squadrons of fishes are seen careering round their own world, in perfect security. The water is moderately cold, and highly impregnated with lime. The beauty of the fountain, the luxuriance of the foliage around it, and the calm retirement of the whole scene, render this one of the most charming spots that West Florida affords."

LIME-SINKS.

All over the territory are scattered lime-sinks, or sink-holes, which mark the course of the subterranean rivers. Holes in the ground, where the earth caves in, and where the hollow is filled with water, form these lime-sinks. Williams says: "They are often very deep, and from them I have often taken fine strings of trout. Two instances have occurred, within our knowledge, where persons have camped under the pines for one night, and the next, earth, trees, and all, have disappeared, and an unfathomable sink has supplied the place."

CAVES.

A large portion of Florida (that is, the lime-stone region) abounds in caves. The rock is porous and soft, and slowly dissolves in water. Swift-running streams rapidly wear and tear away mass after mass, and from time to time new channels are formed, by which means the old are left dry. In many places, channels are worn under ground, and there considerable rivers pursue their way, for greater or less distances, beneath the surface, some of which reappear, and others fall into the sea by unknown passages. Such is the nature of a number of streams in Europe, some of which have been connected with mythological traditions and poetical associations. Wherever an old subterranean channel is deserted, a cavern is left; and among those which have been discovered in Florida, the most curious, perhaps, is

THE ARCH CAVE.

This remarkable excavation is about three miles from Chipola river, in Jackson county. At the foot of an immense limestone bluff is an opening only five feet in height, and thirty feet wide. Having entered, the visitor finds a descending passage of fifty feet, when he perceives that he has reached a spacious apartment, a hundred feet across and fifty in height, along the southern side of which flows a stream of pure, cold water, which soon disappears. A narrow passage leads onward to the northwest, with a pointed arch overhead, like a gothic aisle. After proceeding sixty yards, a stream, twenty feet wide and five feet deep, crosses the path, which abounds in white cray-fish. The passage next turns northeastwardly, to a chamber one hundred feet long, with a floor of red clay, scattered with fragments of fallen rock, and blocks of stalagmite, formed by the water dripping from the numerous stalactites above. These, of different forms and sizes, almost conceal from view the lofty roof; while a collection of the longest, united in one undivided mass, extends from the ceiling to the floor, forming an immense, but well proportioned column, which seems erected to support the rock above. The entrance of visitors into this hall with torches, disturbs a large flock of bats, which have their residence far above; and on their rapid wings, after fluttering about awhile, they disappear among the inner recesses of the extensive cavern, making a sound like that of a rushing wind.

A narrow and winding passage next opens, to conduct the stranger to a new hall, from which several paths branch off in different directions, where several streams are observed rushing through crevices of different sizes, and annually producing changes in their subterranean courses. The stalactite formations, at the same time, gradually fill up some of the chambers in which they are found; and the beauty of these it is difficult to describe, and even to imagine. They are masses of small crystals, more or less regular, though endlessly varying in form. The sides of the cavern are covered with them in many parts, while the pendants above, like icicles, usually have a corresponding mass of the same material forming on the floor below; and thus the light of the torches is reflected in a thousand spangles, from every quarter.

This cavern has been explored about six hundred yards, and many more hollows are known to exist in its vicinity. Several wells, sank by Colonel Stone, opened into dark caves, by which the workmen became too much alarmed to continue their labors

ST. AUGUSTINE.

St. Augustine is the principal town and seaport on the Atlantic coast of Florida. It is the oldest settlement in the limits of the American Union, and even older than the first Canadian colony, having been founded in 1655 by the Spaniards. The harbor has twenty-eight or thirty feet of water, and is safe and commodious, being protected from the sea by Anastatia island. The town extends along its side, on a peninsula, elevated only twelve feet above the level of the sea, and is of an oblong form, about a mile in length, but not very compactly built. The shell-limestone which forms the coast, is the building material. It presents a very attractive appearance from without, as orange trees in abundance grow in the yards and gardens; but many of the streets are crooked and narrow. The climate is as mild as that of Southern Europe, and this city is therefore a resort of many invalids from the North. The sea breezes by day, and the land breezes by night, co-operate to keep the temperature mild and uniform.

The square near the water is ornamented with an obelisk of stone, erected in the centre by the Spaniards in the days of the constitution. It is surrounded by two churches, the courthouse, and a number of handsome private buildings.

FOR THE TIMES.

The Flowers' Revenge.

Translated from the German of Fruhgreth.

BY ELISE VON LINDEN.

In her chamber's curtained stillness,
On a couch of snowy whiteness,
Sweetly sleeps a dark-eyed maiden,
Sleeps in all her youthful brightness.

On her dainty toilet near her
Stands a chalice filled with Flowers,
Blossoms of the sweetest color,
Gay and fragrant fairy-flowers.

Summer-warmth and flower-vapors,
Fill with thick and sultry air
The apartment of the maiden,
Not a cooling draught is there.

All creation is deepest silence.
Harken! now there is a rustling
In the flowers, in the branches,
And a whisp'ring and a bustling!

In the flower-petals hover
Misty phantoms, Elfs of air,
Dresses wear they made of sunshine,
Crowns and jewels in their hair.

From the breast of queenly Moss-Rose,
Floats an Elf-queen, fair and slender,
Pearls shine in her fluttering tresses,
And her eyes are soft and tender.

From the Helmet-flowers' folds
Issues forth a princely Lord.
Plumes and feathers proudly waving,
Clicking loud his glittering sword.

From the Lily glides a maiden,
Blithe and winsome, like a fairy,
Wears a veil of spiders' weaving,
And a mantle white and airy.

From the gaudy Turkish-brown,
A dark Moor steps forward slow,
On his gaily colored turban
Shines the crescent's silver bow.

From the Poppy's crimson hangings,
Strides a Sceptre-bearer, daring;
From the blue-clad Iris follow
His attendants, armor wearing.

From the foliage of the Narcisse
Springs a Cupid, Loving glances
Throws he at the heedless sleeper,
Steals a kiss, and forth he dances.

Many others round the virgin
Twist and twirl in wildest way,
Dance and turn and hiss, then sing they
To the maid this melody:

"Maiden, maiden! from our kingdom
Thou hast cruelly us torn,
Put us in a narrow dwelling,
There to die, to fade, to mourn.

"O! how happily we rested
On the bosom of our mother,
Where warm rays through tree-tops breaking
Flowers with their kisses smother.

"Where the morning breeze refreshed us,
Weaving 'mong our slender blades,
Where we played at night as fairies
'Neath the weeping-willow's shade.

"Dew and rain would ne'er be wanting—
Now we can no longer bloom:
We are withering—but ere dying,
Girl, we will avenge our doom!"

The song is over. Now they bend them
Low and lower to the sleeper:
And the whis-p'ring is increasing
As they bend still lower, deeper.

What a lisping, what a sighing!
How the maiden's cheeks are glowing!
How the Elfs surround her closely!
How the fragrancy is flowing!

As the rays of early sunshine
Greet the room, the Elfs are gone.
On her downy pillow slumbers
Cold and still the lovely one.

She herself a faded flower,
Lies in her pale beauty there.
Sleeping 'mong her withered sisters!
Death was in that odorous air!

If you wish to collect together all the pretty girls in town, advertise a "lecture to young men."

ROBERT G. STAPLES.

Robert Griffin Staples, was born in Alexandria, Virginia, January 24th, 1837. He removed to Portsmouth in his sixth year, and commenced writing for the new-paper press at the age of fourteen. Since this time he has been regularly contributing to various papers, having had the editorial control of one or two, and having been editorially connected with some others; though never at any time depending exclusively upon the press for a living. At present Mr. Staples holds a governmental office in the Gosport Navy Yard, at Portsmouth. He has written numerous newspaper and magazine stories, and occasionally contributed in verse, but we believe there has never been a collection for publication in book form. In the Division of the Sons of Temperance, in the Young Mens' Christian Association, and in the Sabbath Schools, he has ever been a leading and useful member.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Adventure of a Night!

A Leaf from a Pocket Diary.

BY ROBT. G. STAPLES.

The night was dark:—no moon—no stars; a thick mist was falling, and not the smallest speck of cerulean was visible through the dense, black clouds that hung suspended from above, like the dark drapery of mourning frescoeing the walls of the chamber of death.

I had been summoned at a late hour of the night to witness the death of a dear kind friend, and after having seen the last agonies, and beheld the stiffened form, I was returning to my home, the subject of painful thought and a sad heart.

Having passed down several dark and lonesome streets, unmindful of self, or surrounding objects, forgetting for the time that there might be, at that hour of the night, danger lurking around,—and as I was in the act of turning a corner, my further progress was suddenly arrested by being seized by the collar, and the cold steel barrel of a pistol pressed against my temples.

For a moment my feelings were beyond description; suddenly brought to a recollection of the place—the hour—and the fact of being held tightly in the hands of some ruffian, without the power to protect myself, it is readily supposed that my thoughts were other than those of pleasure.

How to escape being murdered, I knew not. His demand, "Your money or your life," could only be complied with in one particular. My life was in the hands of the assassin—my money was safely locked in an iron chest at home, with the exception of a few dollars, which were in my purse—and my purse was under the pillow which had supported my head during the early part of the night.

There was only one hope, and that, so near akin to despair, as to fail in producing joyful emotions,—but, as "drowning men catch at straws," I determined to see what virtue might be in my suppositions.

Having with me a dark lantern, I suddenly turned its light full on the visage of my opposer.

The suddenness with which the light flashed out, caused the man to start back and loosen in a measure his grasp.

It was the work of a moment—and I read in that bloated countenance—those blood-shot eyes, and matted hair, the wretched victim of a depraved appetite. My fear in a measure left me; I had read his object. The cursed thirst for intoxicating drink, had drove its victim to desperation, and it was pretty evident to my mind, that the cold barrel of the pistol, which a few seconds previous had sent terror to my soul, was unloaded.

But as this was only surmise on my part, I deemed it best to proceed with caution. I was unarmed, and if the pistol which was still pressed to my brow, should be loaded, I was entirely in his power.

"Desist!—your demand shall be complied with." I remarked, at the same time making a movement as if to produce my purse.

As the man relaxed his grasp, and lowered the hand which held the pistol, until it reached his side, I ventured to remark,—

"Friend, I have had some experience in the world, and am not often mistaken in my opinions of men. I have read at a glance, I doubt not, your whole character. Better days have been yours, and if I do not mistake, there is still enough of former self left, to cause you to hearken to that which I have to say. I am unarmed, and if your pistol is loaded you have all the advantage. I am also without the means to comply with your demand, having left my money at home. But I am as good as my word, and if you will direct where money will reach you, I am willing when the morrow comes, to lend you assistance."

While speaking, I kept my gaze fixed on the bloated features of the drunken would be robber, and from his changing countenance and the tear which gathered in his eye as I spoke, I knew there was enough of feeling left, to cause him yet to reform, if an effort was made: so, changing my tone, I asked him if he had never desired to quit his intemperate habits.

His whole frame trembled and the pistol fell to the ground;—and with faltering voice he related to me his past history: "At one time," he said, "I was the petted child of wealthy and doting parents; all that could be lavished on an only son, was bestowed upon me. Educated in the first schools of the land, I entered upon my manhood with the most cheering prospects; my income was sufficient to have supported me in style all my life, but evil associations have made a wreck of my happiness.

"I had scarcely turned my majority when I wedded as fair a girl as ever breathed the breath of life. Alas! how have I been a very brute to heap so much of misery on her innocent head.

"My aged parents have long since paid the debt of nature, and broken-hearted they now sleep beneath the green sod, and at the resurrection will stand up to accuse me.

"Sir"—and the tears coursed each other adown his bloated face—"you are the first that have spoken to me of reform. At home I have been a curse, and my poor broken-hearted wife—my starving children—have shrunk from me; for, monster that I have

been, I have not suffered them to approach me, but have repulsed them at all times"

There was still feeling left in the man, and the welling up of the great deep of the heart choked his utterance.

However depraved—however low in iniquity, I felt confidant that something might be done to make him yet again a man. I knew a change could not be effected in a moment, and counted well the task which was before me, and which something whispered within me (conscience perhaps) it was my duty to undertake.

Stooping, I picked up the pistol which a few moments before was in such close proximity to my head, and bade the man follow me.

When with'n my own doors, I bade him be seated, and called up my manservant, a kind of porter, and told him to prepare a basket full of neces-saries.

This accomplished,—I turned and requested the wretched picture of humanity who had so excited my commiseration to lead the way to his place of abode

Through the by-paths and alleys of the city, we wended our way, for an half hour or more, without a word being spoken, and finally stopped before a small hut, or kitchen in the suburbs. Entering, a sad picture of want and starvation met my gaze, and sickened my senses.

The wife and mother, wretched, emaciated, and the very picture of abject misery, lay upon a pile of straw in one corner, and at her side lay an infant of a few months in the silent sleep, that knows no waking on earth;—gathered in a huddle in another corner were a group of squalid, poverty-stricken children, whose hollow eyes and sunken cheeks presented a picture that caused me to shrink back with feelings of awe.

The hut was well ventilated by knot-holes, and cracked weather boarding, while the sash contained not a single whole pane of glass.

Having administered to their immediate wants, and counselled them in regard to the future, I took my leave, first having obtained all of their signatures to the pledge of total abstinence. I could read in their eyes (which speak plainer than words, the language of the soul) their deep-felt gratitude, and I was more than repaid for my acts of charity, by the inward satisfaction I felt of having done something to relieve the wretched condition of my fellows.

The husband and father of that family, at first, signed the pledge with a piece of charcoal, remarking that if his moral courage failed him, his name could be easily erased. A few weeks afterwards, he signed with pen and ink, and immediately upon the organization of that noble brotherhood the order of the Sons of Temperance, he became a worthy and profitable member.

At the time of my writing, reader, I have the satisfaction of knowing that Harry Hillard is a happy man and that his family enjoys his happiness, alike with him.

Not only so—he is a man of some means, and promises to reach affluence.

Then, my moral is, never deal too harshly with your fellows,—for, though sunken never so low, the filthy rags may cover a warm bosom,—and amid the dross may be hid a priceless gem.

The Clay Statue.

CELEBRATION IN NEW ORLEANS.

We make the following interesting description of these interesting proceedings, from the *Courier*:

The 12th of April will remain a memorable date in the annals of New Orleans, as having witnessed the greatest public demonstration that has ever taken place in the Crescent City.

It was no political demonstration—no partisan motive had called together the citizens who assembled yesterday on Canal street—it was the spontaneous tribute paid by men of all political creeds, of every social class, to the man who had been a good citizen and self-denying patriot, the great orator and illustrious statesman.

The city presented yesterday quite an unusual appearance. The stores, offices and public establishments were closed as if it was Sunday, but the calm and quiet of the Sabbath did not reign in the thronged streets. At an early hour groups could be met hastening towards Canal street, whilst military men, members of all sorts of associations, Free Masons, public employees and officers could be seen moving to their various places of rendezvous.

On Canal street the statue of Henry Clay stood veiled by the ample folds of the American flag, the object of general curiosity and interest. The Grand Marshal, Col. J. B Walton, had organized the four divisions under his command with remarkable tact and ability, and when, at eleven o'clock, the anxiously expected signal was given, the First Grand Division of the procession wheeled down Royal street, followed summarily by the other three, in the most admirable order and with such precision that no delay or confusion of any kind occurred.

The order in which the various military and civic corps composing the procession were placed, has already appeared in the programme published in this and other papers, and we will not, therefore, go into the repetition of a minute description, but will only mention in general terms the most prominent features.

The object of general curiosity and interest were, without doubt, the Masons in their brilliant regalia, wearing the mysterious insignia of their Order, the cause of a certain awe among the uninitiated. The fraternity numbered no less than 1800 members in their turnout, and were certainly deserving of the interest manifested upon their passage.

For the first time here, the Knight Templars turned out in the picturesque and fine dress of the Order. Thirty Knights, all mounted on white horses, opened the march. The dress and mantle were of spotless white, with a red cross on the left shoulder. Each Knight bore in his right hand a naked sword, with cross-shaped hilt. They wore top-boots, and flowing white plumes adorned their black slouched hats.

The Knights Kadosch also dressed in white, but with black mantles and red trimmings, and red plumes in their hats. They were on foot. Like the Templars, they carried naked swords and wore tan-colored top-boots.

The Rose-Croix looked very well, with their brilliant insignia; and, in fact, every lodge seemed to have vied to excel the others in brilliancy of array.

The Masons under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge were in the First Division, and those under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Council of 33, in the Third Division.

The Benevolent and other associations turned out very numerous. The Screwmen were the most numerous of all, after which, came the Spanish Associations in their usually strong number.

The Pathfinder printing press, printing and issuing bills as it moved along, was quite an interesting feature; still more so was the miniature ship, West Wind, rigged and manned as a ship-of-war. This beautiful little vessel was built in Philadelphia, and first rigged as a schooner, she is fourteen tuns register. After her arrival here, she was bought by Mr. Johnson, of the Third District, and rigged as a ship. After firing a salute in honor of Andrew Jackson, as she passed in front of his statue, yesterday morning; she arrived on Canal street and took her place in the procession, eliciting an admiration of which her officers and crew had abundant proof, for the ladies on the balconies literally showered their boquets upon the gallant craft, as she passed within range.

After the procession had been dismissed the West Wind set all sail and came opposite the statue, when a salute of thirty-three guns were fired out of her four diminutive cannon.

Detachments of male pupils of the Public Schools and of the Orphan's Asylums, constituted another interesting feature of the Fourth Division.

The procession was an hour and a half turning the corner of Royal street, and contained in its ranks over 5000 persons.

The aspect of Canal street and of the streets through which the procession was to pass, was singularly imposing. It was one vast sea of human heads, in the center of which the procession made the effect of a mighty current. The houses on these streets presented a peculiar interest, the windows and balconies being crowded with ladies—rich clusters of beauty, presenting all the various types which makes New Orleans a cosmopolite city, in her female loveliness as well as in her population. Black eyes and blue, hazel and brown beamed upon the moving mass below, shaded by raven locks and golden curls.

The procession having performed the march marked by the programme, returned to Canal street, when the Grand Marshal disposed the various divisions around the statue and platform, and gave the signal to unveil the bronzed image of "Harry of the West," when the flag dropped, and the colosal proportions of the statue were revealed to the multitude. An immense shout arose from the assembled multitude, and for some time the most enthusiastic hurrahs rent the air. The sculptor, Joel T. Hart, Esq., was present, and must have felt a proud emotion, as he saw his work thus acclaimed by the unanimous voice of his fellow-citizens.

The dedication by the Masonic Fraternity was then performed, and is certainly the most impressive ceremony we have ever witnessed.

After this was concluded the orator of the day, Wm. H. Hunt, Esq., delivered an eloquent and felicitous oration. He reviewed the life of Henry Clay, from the time he was a poor fatherless boy in his native Virginia, until we find him in the councils of his country, influencing its fortunes by the power of his mastery eloquence.

Mr. Hunt closed with the following remarks:

"With these high qualities were combined extraordinary gifts of person, which the sculptor's plastic hand has admirably displayed in the splendid statue we have this day dedicated. He possessed a lofty mien, manners dignified and courteous, and a presence, that was indeed august. The animation of his features, the expression of his gestures, the fiery flashes of his eye, the richness, power and flexibility of his unrivalled voice, which stamped him the greatest orator of the day, and made his eloquence God-like, no language can describe, no art can properly convey. As Fox said of Burke: "But you should have heard and seen the man." Indeed,

> "the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This was a man*"

To Mr. Clay death had no terror. "Sir," said he to a friend, a few days before he died, "I do not fear to die. I have faith, hope, and some confidence." Thus armed in the holy panoply of Christian Faith, he awaited unawed, the hour when his soul should pass away.

Surely, surely to have done the State such service—so long, so zealously, so conspicuously; so to have lived and so to have died, constitute no common claims upon a country's gratitude.

And yet one question doubtless has presented itself to the mind of every one within the sound of my voice. It is this: Why did this noble and revered statesman and patriot never reach the highest honors of the Republic?—Why was he never chosen President!

In this question, which after generations shall put more earnestly than you now ask it, I find his imperishable renown. In his own immortal sentiment I find its answer: 'I HAD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN BE PRESIDENT.'

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Clay Monumental Association—Our labors are drawn to a close. Our work has been performed under the smiles of Heaven, in the midst of the outpourings of the heart of this vast multitude of freemen. It has been blessed by Patriotism and Liberty, and consecrated by Religion.—The statue of Henry Clay stands here for all future time, dedicated by you Louisianians to your brethren of the Union and the lovers of liberty throughout the world.

Fellow-citizens of the United States—Behold the figure of Henry Clay. The orator of Liberty—the champion of the Union—the foremost man in his time in the love, the confidence and veneration of his countrymen.—Young and old, men and women, look all upon his noble features. I see, as you do so, the memories of the past rushing upon your heart—of his sublime sentiments—his self-sacrificing and magnanimous spirit—his long, faithful and invaluable services in the Republic,

Let his precepts and example sink deep into your hearts—let them feed the holy flame of liberty within your bosoms. Let them impress upon you the sacred lesson, that, under God, the first duty of an American is to love his country and to uphold the Union and the Constitution—the very source and life of our American liberties.

The oration being concluded, the Grand Marshal dismissed the procession, and the various companies and societies marched to their respective homes. The crowd lingered for a long time gazing at the statue, and dispersed, again to assemble at night, when an illuminated view of the monument was obtained by means of Prof. Grant's calcium light, placed for that purpose on the corner of Chartres and Canal streets.

We are happy to state that throughout the whole day the utmost good order reigned, and that the general enjoyment was not interrupted by a single accident or quarrel. It has been indeed a memorable day.

REV. C. H. WILEY AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

The following is taken from the Wilmington Journal of Thursday last:

Last night, in accordance with previous notices, the Rev. C. H. Wiley, Superintendent of Common Schools for the State of North Carolina delivered an address upon the subject of Education before the members of the Wilmington Library Association and the citizens generally.

Edward D. Hall, Esq., as one of the Directors of the "Library Association," called the meeting to order and introduced Mr. Wiley, who spoke for an hour and a half to a very attentive and deeply interested audience. He referred first to the deficiency of our town in respect to Schools for the purposes of popular education; second, indicated what, in his opinion, was necessary to remedy this deficiency, and third, suggested how this remedy might be applied, or how our wants might be supplied.

We never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Wiley before last night. His manner of speaking is warm and earnest, and he certainly has the faculty of clothing a very dry subject, treated in a purely practical manner, with a large measure of interest. His exhibit of facts gave evidence of the labor which he has bestowed upon the subject which he has under his charge as Superintendent of Common Schools—his arguments were clear and pointed, and his conclusions just and reasonable. We trust that his suggestions may be carried out, and that the feelings which were aroused last night may be kept alive, and put to vigorous work until our town shall be in the full enjoyment of an efficient system of Common Schools, teaching the masses, and teaching them thoroughly from the alphabet to the highest branches necessary for entrance into college, or into the practical business of life. But above all, as we have above remarked, letting the instruction be thorough so far as it goes.

After Mr. Wiley had concluded [illegible] address, on motion of Dr. Thomas the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Chairman appoint a Committee of seven, to whom shall be referred the whole subject of the proposed system of Public Schools in connection with the town of Wilmington, and that they be hereby requested to furnish all the facts, details and arguments bearing upon the subject, which they may deem important.

Resolved, That when prepared to make said report, for the purpose of hearing and receiving the same, said committee be hereby authorized to make all needful arrangements to have a Town Meeting called, and to give due notice thereof in the papers of the place.

The following gentlemen were appointed to constitute the above Committee:

R. H. Cowan, Wm. G. Thomas, A. Martin, G. Potter, A. J. DeRosset, E. Murray, S. D. Wallace.

On motion of R. H. Cowan, Esq, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by acclamation:

Resolved, That the thanks of the whole State of North Carolina, are eminently due to the Rev. Calvin H. Wiley for his devotion to the cause of education, and his untiring labor in behalf of her "Common Schools."

Resolved, further, That the special thanks of our community are hereby most gratefully tendered to him for the trouble which he has taken to be present with us this evening, and for the able, interesting and instructive address which he has delivered before us.

A Corner for the Little Ones.

BY LAURA L., OF LANG SYNE, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE CORNER.

THE POOR OLD FLY.

BY ELLEN LLOYD.

An old fly sat on the window pane,
Gazing out on the snow and rain,
Thinking of times ne'er to come again.
Poor old fly!

His eye was dim and his head was grey,
(I reckon he'd been in the flour tray,)
He looked so forlorn as he sat that way.
Poor old fly!

He thought of the time when in youthful play,
He gambolled and sported the livelong day,
When he thought his joys would ne'er pass away.
Poor old fly!

He thought of his mate now dead and gone,
Of his children who died that very morn,
And now he was left, all all alone,
Poor old fly!

Alas! alas! in this changeful earth,
Flies must have sorrow as well as mirth,
And he looked at us as we sat round the hearth.
Poor old fly!

And then I remembered that yesterday,
I had killed a fly in my thoughtless play,
And I felt reproached as I turned away
From the poor old fly!

A LITTLE HERO.

Grace Greenwood writes the following little story—and a true one it is—for the Little Pilgrim, a child's paper. She gets the facts from an incident described in the Hartford Daily Times some years ago, as having happened in Colt's Meadows:

In the city of Hartford, Connecticut, lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure, which made him for a time famous in his native town, happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 18—, the father worked in a factory, about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner, across a wide piece of meadow land.

One keen frosty day, he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little foot-path remaining. Yet he ran on, as fast as possible, plunging thro' drifts—keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise, and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow—fully half a mile from any house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down, down! He had fallen into a well!

He sunk down into the dark, icy water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank, which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well—the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible for him to make himself heard for such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was to be saved at all he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick, [illegible] quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket-knife, [illegible] off his boots, that he might work to greater [illegible]. Then, with his feet against [illegible] sides of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had gone through; for the side of the well being from that point completely covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero looked up his heart to God and prayed fervently for help, fearing he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deeps, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a large measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance. It is in this way that God often answers our prayers, when we call upon him in time of trouble.

At [illegible], the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders, ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest panting out his breath, in little white clouds, on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well.

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as, full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his good father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man was obliged to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening, with tears in his eyes, to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been very proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him up in his own warm overcoat, and took him home to "mother."

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him, and thanked God for him!

I have not heard of the "little hero" for two or three years, but I trust he is growing up into a brave heroic man, and I hope he will never forget the heavenly friend who did not forget him in the hour of his great need.

There is an old saying that truth lies at the bottom of a well.

I trust that this brave boy found and brought up from there this truth—God helps those who help themselves.

EXTRAORDINARY RAILROAD LIBERALITY.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company in a spirit of liberality which is, as far as our information extends, unprecedented in the way of railroad courtesies, have issued tickets of invitation to the Press of the Western States for an excursion over their road to Washington and Mt. Vernon, which is to come off on the 4th day of May. Nor is this all. The tickets confer the privilege to those invited, to travel free over the road at any time to suit their convenience between the 15t of April and 15th of June—a period of *two months*. The wives of the Editors invited are also included in the invitations. Upwards of thirty Railroads, embracing the leading lines in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, Tennessee and Mississippi, together with the line of splendid mail steamers between Cincinnati, Louisville and Memphis, have united with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the invitations, so that an Editor and his wife, with one of these tickets, can visit almost every point between Washington City and St. Joseph in Missouri, and from Detroit to Nashville and Memphis. What an excursion! From the Potomac on the East, to the borders of Kansas, on the West—from the Lakes, on the North, to the borders of Mississippi, on the South! To show how extensive is the connection of lines which has been formed for this agreeable entertainment of the Editorial *corps* we will just state that the *Illinois Central Railroad* alone, traverses 820 miles, through one of the most flourishing regions of the continent—from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi to the foot of the magnificent Lake Michigan.

A finer opportunity for seeing the beautiful prairies and streams which embellish the Northwestern States of the Union, could not be presented. The enjoyments of so extensive and improving an excursion form irresistible temptations to accept the invitation, and we have no doubt that there will be a very large turn out of guests.

We cannot lay down our pen without returning our special thanks to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for the invitation with which they have honored us, through their efficient Master of Transportation. W. P. Smith, Esq., to unite in this de[illegible] jaunt, and it will go hard with us if we [illegible] within the ample margin of time [illegible] avail ourselves of the privilege so [illegible] offered —*Petersburg Express.*

TAPPING THE CHINESE TRADE BY LAND.

Great Britain having secured a [illegible] of Birmah, including the port of [illegible] several years ago, that government is [illegible] to take steps for the construction of a first-class highway or railroad from the valley of [illegible] towards to the south-western [illegible] China. Half its length, or two hundred and fifty miles, would be constructed through Burmese territory. The part of China thus made commercially subject to Europe contains about eighty millions of inhabitants and the region is in the main highly productive. Steam communication will also be shortly established between that city and England, by way of Calcutta, Bombay and the Red Sea. Should the Chinese Government offer resistance to the project, it is believed sufficient aid can be obtained from the rebels to carry it through successfully. The country to be traversed presents few obstacles of a physical character, and the project will likely be commenced at an early day.

THE WOOLLY HORSE.

About the existence of which so much has been said and written, has arrived in Richmond, and will be exhibited in the course of a few days. The animal was foaled in Rockingham county, Va., is now nearly three years old, stands full fifteen hands high, is as gentle as a cat, and is well proportioned in every respect. Indeed he is a real horse in sheep's clothing, being covered from head to feet with curly, fine wool, having all the appearance of the ordinary sheep. Unlike the sheep, however, his head, ears and legs below the knees, are covered with wool, whilst his tail resembles that of the sheep. Indeed he might well be taken for a mammoth ram, without horns, as he has no mane, but for the fact he is thickly coated with wool from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. A greater animal curiosity than this woolly horse we have never seen.

ANOTHER—IN WISCONSIN.

According to the *Argus and Democrat* they have a veritable woolly horse in Springfield, Dane county. The hair is long and shaggy, nearly resembling that of a buffalo. The head is a cross between equine and bovine. The tail has not a hair on it. The hoofs are whole but there is a mark or crease where it should have been split. The animal is seven years old, and does its regular day's work. It chews its cud like an ox.

The malformation is attributed to the fact that a buffalo robe was thrown over the head of its dam, before it was foaled. This was done during a thunder shower, at which she was terribly frightened.

Times' Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20, 1860.

The Charleston Convention and Congress—Throng in our City—Last Reception of the President—Departure of Mayor Berret—Sudden death—Post-Master General Holt—The Japanese Embassy.

Neither House of Congress adjourned on account of the Charleston Convention. The Republicans opposed it: they intend to pass the tariff bill and some other important measures next week. It seems that the chief reason of their opposition to an adjournment for the Charleston Convention, is because they fear that the Democrats will not return the courtesy, in the matter of the Chicago Convention: quite a number of members have started for Charleston. The Senate have, however, agreed that from this day until the 1st of May the Senate shall be but nominally in session: the body is to adjourn over three days at a time, for nine days.

The throng of Democratic politicians in this City last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday was greater than ever before, except on the occasion of the inauguration of a Democratic President. Every portion of our City was crowded, the principal streets, and especially Pennsylvania avenue looked extraordinarily lively; this beautiful thoroughfare was so densely filled, that it seemed almost impossible to traverse its pavements. Groups of these politicians were to be seen frequently, and in passing them, it was not seldom that the word "Douglas" fell upon the ear. All our Hotels were crammed, and in Willards extensive Hotel last Tuesday night not a room or bed was unoccupied. Yesterday almost 2,000 persons left here for Charleston, leaving this City comparatively quiet. A great portion of the crowd were delegates to the Convention, and alternates; but quite a number of them, it is said, were principally strikers for Douglas.

The last Reception of the season at the President's Mansion, took place on last Tuesday evening, and was more largely attended than any other of this Winter, indeed it was a perfect "jam." Several of the many politicians present, tried to elicit from Mr. Buchanan his opinion relative to the candidate of the Charleston convention, but he gave them no satisfaction, insinuating that the delegates, fresh from the people, ought to be the best judges, of this matter. Miss Lane, niece to the President, was in her usual charming good humor, and made every one at home and happy around her: while the Marine band discoursed patriotic airs, to the delight of the company.

Mayor Berret of this City left here yesterday for the all-important Charleston convention, during his absence of about ten days, the duties of his office will devolve upon Mr. Dove, president of the board of aldermen.

Last Sunday, Hon. W. C. Johnson of Maryland died very suddenly at the National Hotel where he had been sojourning for some time past; though rather unwell, his death was not preceded by any serious illness.

Post-Master Gen. Holt and wife are now on their way to this City from Florida. Mrs. H. is improving from her late severe sickness.

The Japanese Embassy will not be landed at this City, as it was at first thought, and as suggested by Consul-General Harris, but in accordance with the original order of the Secretary of the Navy, will be taken by the steamer Roanoke to New York city. Q

NEW ORLEANS, April, 9th, 1860.

Flush times—The Races—Hyde & Goodrich's rebuilt—Approach of Summer and its effects.

It would be a very difficult matter, even for an observer of moderate acuteness, not to notice the general evidences of flush times in this city. A plethora of money, an epidemic of extravagance, and a tendency to luxury, prevail among the people. The one hundred millions of dollars worth of cotton received in this city, begin to be diffused through all classes. Our planters are all out of debt, all at least who want to be; have balances to their credit with our merchants, the latter with their commissions and interest, and insurance dividends, are in the easiest sort of circumstances. The consequences of this state of things are an enormous advance in real estate and in the prices of articles of use and consumption. A great deal of property in this city has doubled in the last eighteen months; very little indeed is known which has not increased fifty per cent. in market value. So of the prices of living. The purveyers and tradesmen have taken advantage of this tide, and are adding largely to their profits. Our numerous wholesale grocers, especially, have their hands full. So of other trades — The grand fancy and dry goods stores are thronged at all hours of the day, and some distance into the night, with purchasers, chiefly of the fair sex, whose liberal expenditures and magnificent array present, after all, the most agreeable and cheering evidences of the general prosperity of our country.

The Metairie races closed yesterday with great *eclat*. The last and most exciting race was won by *Fanny Washington* in handsome style, over *La Variete*, *Endorser* and *Breckinridge*.

Hyde & Goodrich's well-known jewelry establishment, which was unfortunately burnt down on Christmas night last, has been entirely refitted and has opened again. The corner of Canal and Royal streets has scarcely seemed, during the rebuilding of this handsome store, like the same place, and the public generally will doubtless be glad to welcome back the well known firm.

It begins to feel quite summerish. Thermometer to-day 85°, in the shade. Mint juleps and sherry cobblers are in great demand. Mosquitoes have resumed their sway. People who can afford it are already getting ready to go North, and people who can't are resigned to sweat and suffer with the best possible grace.

STYX.

Miscellaneous News Items.

NATIONAL DIVISION FOR 1861.

We learn from a private letter received a few days since by the M. W. P. from a brother at Lebanon, Tenn., that the Legislature of that State which has just adjourned, adopted a resolution tendering the use of the Representative Hall of their new and magnificent Capitol to the National Division for its session in 1861. The same letter also states that efforts are being made to get up a strong delegation in Tennessee to attend the approaching session of the National Division at Portland, which convenes about the 7th of June.—*Bennettsville (S. C.) Son of Temperance.*

Japanese Peculiarities.

The arrival in California of an embassy from Japan, making an official, or international visit, by invitation from the United States, was announced in The Times last week. The visit is indeed a novel one, perhaps the first Japanese ever landed upon our shores, it having been death heretofore for any Japanese to leave his country for any other country.—Within the past few years the United States has effected a treaty of amity and commerce with Japan, and by invitation from the President, this embassy consisting of about 72 men, 20 of them men of rank, and the remaining 52, servants and soldiers, is on a tour of inspection. They will create a very great sensation all over the country. Congress has appropriated $50,000 for their reception at Washington, where they are expected in a few days.

Of their peculiarities, the papers are full, and the little stay they make in California, will give ample opportunity to spread them through all the country in advance of their arrival. The following is given by a California paper:

The Japanese, during their stay at the International Hotel, have exhibited a great many peculiarities which may be interesting to many readers, and, we believe, have not been told before. They have all shown themselves very easily pleased, and exceedingly well bred.—When asked to try some dish new to them, they do so; if they like it they continue eating, expressing themselves pleased; if not they taste no more, but never express dislike. The Ambassadors are very dignified, and command respect. The inferior officers never enter their apartments without bowing, and the servants invariably drop upon the knee.

They are all very light eaters, but they take their meals very quickly; almost everything they do slowly, but eating with them is a rapid operation. The subordinates eat nothing but rice, but the dignitaries are fond of sweetmeats, cakes, confections of all kinds, and sauces. None of them eat any meat, except that the dignitaries take a little chicken, and none of them use either milk or butter. They drink both tea and coffee, and are no sooner through with their meals than they go to smoking their wild tobacco in small pipes.

They are all very apt at learning anything. The manner of folding napkins artistically, for instance, which for any other species of the *genus homo* would require an apprenticeship of a day or two, the Japanese learn by seeing it done once. Their powers of imitation are consequently very great, and for any kind of manipulation apter scholars could not possibly be anywhere found. They learn to write the English letters in a few minutes, and can copy anything they see. The faculty of constructiveness, indeed, seems to be a natural development, as also a certain serene good humor, which is indicated by their universally fat, plump, smiling round faces. Another national characteristic seems to be their inquisitiveness. There is hardly anything that escapes them. About our government, laws, customs, manufactures, country and so on, they are never done asking questions. At the International, they were very curious to understand the relations between Mr. Haley and his employees: what sort of government was established there; how Mr. Haley could have everything attended to so well, and how he could exercise so complete a control, unless he was a sort of prince or master. And, it is almost unnecessary to add, they were surprised at much which they learned in regard to the American people; and strange will be the accounts which they will carry home of the great nation which has no Princes and no Emperor.

HOTEL LUXURIES.

Of these, present and prospective, the N. Y. Times thus discourses:

"The latest illustration of the accommodating tendency of hotel-keepers is the introduction of an elevator, to take gouty gentlemen and languid females from the dinner table to their rooms above, without the intervention of stairs. The human package of dinner or *ennui*, entering an apartment not unlike a cushioned church pew, finds itself, in a few seconds, carried to the top of the house, by the revolution of a giant screw, to which the car is attached, as smoothly and quietly as many a church-goer hopes that he is gliding up, by the exertion of the priest, to whom, as a supporting column, his faith is hung. We shall next expect to hear of some mechanical contrivance for putting lazy folks to bed, and a crank mill through which they will be run in the morning, to come out washed, cravated, brushed and combed, ready for the breakfast table, or rather more probably, the breakfast-stuffing machine, which will have taken its place."

SINGULAR CASE—STRANGE VERDICT.

A correspondent of the Bristol News, writing from Elizabeth, Tennessee, gives the following particulars in regard to a case tried at the late term of the Circuit Court for Carter county:

In the month of June, 1845, a negro trader came to the town of Elizabethton, and purchased a negro girl of one Samuel B. Patterson. The trader called himself John Thomas, of Bowling Green, Kentucky. It appears that he paid Patterson for his slave five one hundred dollar bills, purporting to be money issued by the South western Railroad and Banking Company, Charleston, South Carolina.—The money was soon found out to be fraudulent and worthless, but Mr. Thomas had left immediately, with the slave, and was not heard of for ten years.

In 1855, Mr. Patterson thought he had got on the trail of Thomas, and in Claiborne county, Tennessee, he found a man so fully answering the description of the trader that he had him arrested and brought to trial. The name of the accused is George H. Cheek, and he solemnly averred at the time of the arrest that he had never been in Carter county. On the trial, several witnesses of intelligence and respectability swore that George H. Cheek, of 1860, and John Thomas, of 1845, were one and the same. The defendant proved an *alibi*—that is, he proved on the trial, by a number of warrants, judgments, that he was in Claiborne county, Tenn., ninety five miles distant from Elizabethton, the very day it was alleged he had bought the slave. An authenticated transcript from Claiborne County Court shows that he was Acting Justice of the Peace for that county in 1845, and these old documents were brought up to show that he was either possessed of ubiquity, or could not have been in Carter county at the time John Thomas bought the slave. But the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to three years in the penitentiary of the State. His counsel have appealed to the Supreme Court, which convenes at Knoxville on the third Monday of September.

MEXICO AND BRAZIL—A CONTRAST.

About the same time—not quite forty years ago—Mexico and Brazil became independent. They set out under very similar circumstances. With regard to natural advantages, Mexico had no rival in North America, except the United States, and in some respects it was even more favorably situated than this country; while Brazil possessed the largest and finest territory belonging to any one government of the Western Continent. The people of the two countries were of kindred origin, although the Castilian colonists of the one rather looked down upon the Lusitanian inhabitants of the other as an inferior variety of the same race.

How unlike the subsequent history and present condition of the two nations! Mexico has been distracted by perpetual revolutions, torn by incessant civil discord, dismembered of her territory, and is now a byword among the nations. Brazil, on the other hand, has grown slowly, but surely, in wealth, power and prosperity, has enjoyed internal peace and a stable government; has passed through one bloodless revolution without any violent change or protracted excitement, and is now one of the happiest and most interesting countries in either hemisphere.

Mexico has tried the experiment of republicanism, while Brazil has satisfied herself with a constitutional monarchy. We do not know that this difference alone is the key to the contrast in their history and condition, but it certainly goes far to verify the truth of what many observant men have long suspected—that republicanism is not adapted to the races of Southern Europe, as we find them in modern times.

It is no disparagement to the Latin races to say this. They are, no doubt superior to the Teutonic stock in some respects—inferior to them in others. The difference that we have alluded to would be regarded in different lights by different persons. We merely allude to it as a truth established by experience. It may tend to illustrate a principle which has too generally been lost sight of in the treatment of social, political and moral questions—that is, the necessity of modifying theories of government, laws and "domestic institutions," in order to adapt them to ethnological distinctions and differences.

We throw out these ideas, for the present, merely as suggestive of a wide range of application. Perhaps we may pursue the subject at some future time.—*Mobile Tribune.*

APPOINTMENTS

Gov. Ellis and Mr. Pool will address the people at the following times and places:

Smithfield Johnston, Wednesday, April 25th
Goldsboro, Wayne, Thursday, 26th.
Kenansville, Duplin, Saturday, 28th.
Onslow C. H., Monday, 30th.
Beaufort, Carteret, Tuesday, May 1st.
Newbern, Craven, Thursday, 3d.
Kinston, Lenoir Saturday, 6th.
Snow Hill, Greene, Monday, 7th.
Greenville, Pitt, Tuesday, 8th.
Washington, Beaufort, Wednesday, 9th.

CHARLESTON AND SAVANNAH RAILROAD.

SAVANNAH, April 20.—The last rail was laid at 2:55 o'clock this afternoon, and the connection between Charleston and the Savannah River by railroad completed.

87 bales of Cotton were burnt in Yorkville at the King's Mountain Railroad Depot, on the 11th inst. 70 of the bales belonged to Mr. John Smith and mother, of Broad River.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

At a meeting of the Board of Superintendents of Common Schools for Mecklenburg county, last week, J. P. Ross, Esq. was re-elected Chariman. This is a good appointment, as no man in the State takes more interest in the success of the common school system than Mr. Ross.—*Charlotte Democrat*

NEW AND IMPORTANT ENTERPRISE.

We are glad to learn the prospect of an addition to the manufacturing enterprise of our city, in the establishment of a company here for the manufacture of India Rubber Car Springs, and eventually for the manufacture of others of the immense family of fabrics to which India Rubber, in its different forms and combinations, is devoted.

Very few have any idea of the extent of the various manufactures of rubber in this country. The sum total is put down at twenty millions of dollars per annum, and that of car springs alone at from two and a half to three millions, the principal part of which are now composed of vulcanized rubber, which, from its superior flexibility, durability and cheapness, is fast driving other springs out of use.

If this company is located here, it will be a powerful adjunct of the Crenshaw Woollen Company, the Lester Sewing Machine Company, the Old Dominion Sewing Machine Company and other new manufacturing enterprises now being inaugurated in our city, and give us a fresh assurance of the high destiny which is to await Richmond as the future Manchester of the South.

Boston manufactures to the extent of *fifty* millions, Baltimore *sixty* millions, Cincinnati one hundred and twelve millions, New York one hundred and twenty millions, and Philadelphia, with her suburbs, to the enormous extent of *one hundred and seventy-one* millions annually. When it is remembered that *all* of these immense amounts, except what is paid for raw material, is left to be distributed among the manufacturers, mechanics, property owners, etc., of each city, and is an annual contribution to that extent to the prosperity of each city, it is easily seen how important it is that every species of manufacture should be properly encouraged by a city like ours.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

ROWAN COUNTY.

In Gov. Swain's last article of the War of the Regulation, he thus describes the Rowan county of 1770:

"Rowan county was at this time separated from Orange, by a due north and south line, intermediate between the waters of the Haw and the Yadkin. The village of High Point on the North Carolina R. R., will indicate with sufficient accuracy the range of the eastern boundary. On the west it extended to the Mississippi. The Virginia line was the northern, and the Granville line the southern boundary.

Salisbury, Asheville, Knoxville and Nashville may be enumerated among the principal towns in the limits of the old county. It embraces an area quite equal in extent to either North Carolina or Tennessee, contains at the present time probably a million of inhabitants, and would constitute a State equal in population, resources and intelligence to either of the commonwealths, of which the ancient domain is a constituent part."

It has "grown small by degrees," even Davidson and Davie counties with their present 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants, having been cut off from it within the present generation.

NEW MORMON REVELATION.

Joe Smith, the founder of Mormonism, left a son to bear his name. Joe the second, has just come of age; and the remnant of the Mormon band, who still linger around their early habitations in Illinois, assembled in conference at Amboy, in that State, on the 6th inst. They numbered in all, fifty males and thirty females. Joe Smith and his mother were among the number.

Joe made a speech to the Conference, in which he stated that numerous revelations of the Divine will had brought him there to tender himself as successor to his father's dignities and responsibilities. In his remarks he deplored the sins into which the "Saints" have fallen, specially referring to polygamy, murder and stealing. Said he:

I hold in entire abhorrence many of the doctrines preached and promulgated by Brigham Young. I have been told that my father promulgated these same doctrines—the doctrines of Young. This I never did believe, and I never can believe it, for the doctrines were not promulgated by Divine authority; and I believe that my father was a good man, and no good man could have promulgated such odious doctrines.

After he had spoken, the following occurred:

On motion of Isaac Sheen, Joseph Smith was then unanimously chosen President and Prophet of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Joe Smith then in a few words accepted the position.

Isaac Sheen then offered up a prayer in behalf of "the Prophet, his mother and brethren, and the Saints in bondage in Utah."

On motion of Emma Beidelman, the mother of the Prophet was received into the Church by a unanimous vote.

On motion, Joseph Smith was then ordained to the Presidency of the Melchisedec Priesthood as follows:

President Gurley—Brother Joseph Smith, I present this Church to you in the name of Jesus Christ.

Prophet—may God grant, in his infinite mercy, that I may never do anything to give this Church cause to regret the position I assume, and I pray that He may give it to us to recall the scattered ones of Israel. I ask your prayers.

He was then ordained by the laying on of hands.

Brigham Young, however, will not suffer himself to be put down. Whenever he gets in trouble, he works himself out by a pretended "revelation," himself. And he will doubtless beat young Joe at that game.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

W. Dunn, Jr., of the American Advocate, Kinston, announces that he will issue that paper semi-weekly during the campaign commencing about the 1st of May.

AMUSEMENT FOR THE INSANE

Gov. Allston, of South Carolina, has given an order to Michael Phelan, of New York, for the manufacture of a splendid billiard table, which he intends to present to the State Lunatic Asylum at Columbia S. C.

BAPTIST GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

P. B. Hoge, C. R. Mason, R. Summerson, S. F. Taylor and W. D. Chandler, a committee appointed by the Baptist Church of Staunton to arrange for the entertainment of the Baptist General Association of Va, which will meet there on the 31st day of May, and continue in session four days, confidently appeal to the well known hospitality of the town, shown on similar occasions, and respectfully state that they will at some future day, wait upon the citizens to ascertain the number of delegates that each family will entertain.

A BATTLE FOR THE RECOVERY OF CHILDREN.

We have learned, says the Cumberland *Civilian* that a terrible battle occurred very recently in Cumberland Valley, about ten miles from this city.

It appears that a widow lady named Growden, from Ohio, recently paid a visit to the valley, in order to take away with her two children of her late husband, who have since the death of their parent been reared by their grandfather, a respectable old gentleman in the vally. The children would not leave their grand parent Mr. Growden. The mother then left and went to Centreville, where she prevailed upon a dozen or more people to accompany her back and take her children by force. This was attempted, when a terrible fight ensued between the friends of the children and those of their mother. Several on both sides were badly hurt, and others were arrested for rioting. The mother succeeded in carrying off one of the children.

New York, April 17.—The office of the City Collector was broken open and robbed last night of $4,000 in currency, and $17,000 in checks and Treasury warrants. No clue has yet been discovered as to the perpetrator.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL.

The March number of this quarterly is upon our table, with the usual variety of reading matter, engravings, &c.

CHARLESTON.

The city of Charleston is blest with men of capital and enterprise. She has already several lines of steamers, securing to her the beneficial results of rapid foreign and domestic intercourse. Her merchants are now agitating the project of a line of steamers to Liverpool, with every prospect of success. It is proposed (says the *Courier*) to have constructed two first class iron propellers, capable of stowing 3500 or 4000 bales of Cotton, and going to sea with a draft of fourteen and a half feet. One of them will be built in this country and the other in Great Britain and they will be registered especially and exclusively for the trade between Liverpool and Charleston.

The important connection between Charleston and Savannah by railroad direct was effected according to contract on the 20th. The work has been most expeditiously conducted throughout, and is another proof of the energy and responsibility of the contractors Messrs. Drane & Singletary. These gentlemen took the excursion party quitely surprise as the following from the *Courier* will testify:

"Messrs. Drane & Singletary, the energetic and successful contractors for the building of the road, gave a handsome collation on the ground. This was an agreeable surprise on their part. A good time was had generally, and the success of the enterprise was toasted in copious bumpers of generous wine."

It is believed that the fight between Heenan and Sayers has been indefinitely postponed in consequence of the arrest of Heenan.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

At a meeting of Concord Presbytery, held at Steel Creek Church in Mecklenburg county week before last, the following persons were elected Trustees of Davidson College: Rev. D. A. Penick, Sr, Rev. J. D. Hall, Rev. G. D. Parks, Rev. S. C. Pharr, Rev. B. S. Krider, Maj. D. H. Hill, Judge Osborne, W. S. Harris, and Dr. C. L. Hunter.

We see it stated that the Rev. A. W. Miller formerly of Charlotte will deliver the Sermon before the graduating class of the College at next Commencement.

CONCORD FEMALE COLLEGE.

The following gentlemen were elected Trustees of this Institution at the late meeting of Concord Presbytery: Rev's R. H. Lafferty, E. F. Rockwell, B. S. Krider, Col. T. A. Allison and V. C. Barringer, Esq.

The shadow of misfortune often chooks of hope.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....April 28, 1860.

C. C. Cole, J. W. Albright } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to The Times:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D., WM. R. HUNTER, J. STARR HOLLOWAY, Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, Miss MARY A. DENISON, S. J. C. WHITTLESEY, MARY W. JANVRIN, WILLIE E. PABOR, INA CLAYTON, C. G. DUNN, ANNA M. BATES, GRACE MILWOOD, Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON, J. D. ST. GEO. COOKE, Mrs. C. HUTCHINS, GRIFFITH J. McREE, and others.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, R. G. STAPLES, STEPHEN F. MILLER, Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL, MATILDA C. SMILEY, FINLEY JOHNSON, LOTTIE LINWOOD, CLARA AUGUSTA, A. PERRY SPERRY, Mrs. DIVERNON, PAUL RIVINWOOD, Miss. O. W. LeFUET Mrs. K. C. LOOMIS, JULIA SOUTHALL, Mas. M. A. BRYAN, J. C. FITZ GERALD and others.

Summer Programme.

Besides the beautiful Prize Story commenced in this number of The Times, "The Pride of Vivian Gray," by Mrs. Denison, we respectfully announce to our readers an interesting "Summer Programme" of entertainment with instruction:

HELEN GRAHAM: A Thrilling Love Story. By M. Genieve.

RUTH WARREN; A Story of the Revolution. By Lewis C. G. Millar.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE; or, A Volunteer of 1812. By Mabel Lassino.

CONESTA; A Tale of Forest Days. By Ashley.

GRACE MORTIMER; or, The Orphan Heiress: A Tale of American Life. By Mrs. E. C. Loomis.

It will be a pleasure to turn aside from the heat and dust and excitement incident to the political campaigns fast approaching upon us, to something so entertaining, fresh and spicy.

The publishers of The Times will relax none of their efforts to make every department of the paper as interesting as possible. tf

Richmond vs. Baltimore.

The Richmond Dispatch, in urging upon the citizens of Richmond the importance of some active measures to secure a railroad from Lynchburg to that city, drives the following comparison:

Thirty years ago Baltimore counted 50,000 inhabitants: this day her population exceeds 300,000. From the days of the Calverts she had been slowly gathering her 50,000; in thirty years she had added the remaining 250,000. She is now the third city in the Union, and before the end of the present century, the great probability is, that she will be able to boast of one million of inhabitants. She can fairly say that she has done it all herself. Her citizens have every right to feel proud of her prosperity, for it is the work of their own hands. The great Baltimore and Ohio Railroad did it all, and, almost unassisted, she accomplished that stupendous work; a work, taking everything into consideration, the greatest that ever was accomplished by a city of the same size. For when before did any community, no larger than that of Baltimore was at the time the work was begun, ever conceive the idea of entering upon an enterprise that was to cost thirty millions of dollars?

We fancy ourselves, sometimes, the rival of Baltimore; at least we are sufficiently exercised whenever any important source of trade which through our own indolence and dog in-the-manger habits of thought, has been secured by the energy of her people. What, then, has the city of Richmond ever done to entitle her to that good fortune which she so much envies in Baltimore? Where is the great line that she has undertaken and pushed to the Ohio? What have been her efforts to secure that trade which is properly her own, and which other and more energetic adventurers are appropriating, piece by piece, until she is in a fair way to have nothing at all left? Why, she subscribed, about ten years ago, $300,000 to the Danville Railroad, and shortly after, at two separate votes, $250,000 to the Central. Five hundred and fifty thousand dollars—less by fifty thousand than the comparatively small town of Augusta, in Georgia, subscribed the other day to a single railroad—represents the sum total of her exertions in the railroad line. Five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for a city of 50,000 inhabitants, in which not less than five different railroads have their terminus! Of all these railroads not one is Richmond capital, and in every one of them Richmond capital cuts but a poor and insignificant figure. And yet they have built the town up. Railed at, decried, ridiculed, voted against, they have covered her old fields with houses, made several towns spring up in her vicinity, given life and activity to her commerce, increased the value of real estate several hundred per cent. and diffused an air of enterprise throughout her community that has roused her from the ouil repose in which she had been dreaming for more than a century over the days of Virginia's greatness, gone through the listless indolence of her own sons.

Central Italy.

Great rejoicings are made in Central Italy over the recent political changes of that often distracted country. A recent correspondent writes from Tuscany:

In Tuscany and throughout Central Italy, the joy of triumph reigns at this moment, which crowns hope and noble efforts with success. For the last week all the fire of Italian feeling has burst into general celebration. The Royal acceptation of Tuscany's vote was confirmed by a hundred and one cannon blows, by the peal of rejoicing bells, by waving banners, brilliant illuminations, military reviews, and every natural manifestation of joy by a glad people, thronging the streets by day and by night.—At every new point gained since the war of Independence, thousands of tri-colored flags have unfurled on the instant from the windows of the liberals, as well as from every tower and column overlooking the emancipated city; while no sooner did the stars shine out above than lights that rival their brilliance have glittered from every prominent habitation. Indeed, illuminations and banners are the first Italian signals of success; as if a host of angels, protecting the national cause, unfurled their tinted wings and fluttered over the palpitating patriots all the hopeful day, and at night still manifested their guardian presence by the beaming of myraid starry eyes.

And an Italian illumination, be it known, is no ordinary sight, at least when the occasion is an important one. They excel here in picturesque devices of every sort: Italian confectionery even is an *art* in its way: but when a great national idea is to be expressed, or an event celebrated, native ingenuity becomes almost genius in its invention of speaking emblems. Thus one reads the inner language of the national heart in the divers graceful and beautiful forms into which the three-colored lights of these illuminations are woven: in many instances they are really characters in which popular aphorisms shine out from the midst of starry flowers. Turin illuminations have always been famous for expensiveness and magnificence. Who does not remember of having his eyes dazzled in childhood even by pictures of some great "Illumination at Turin?" Nor are the Florentines much behind their northern brothers in either the mania or genius for illumination.

Interesting from Mexico.

The Vera Cruz correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, writes that Mr. McLane, our minister, received a cordial reception on his return to that city, and that the other foreign ministers intend to invite him to join them in an effort to bring about peace between the two factions in Mexico. The same writer says:

A false report reached the city of Mexico that Vera Cruz had fallen, and that all the American vessels in the harbor were sunk.—The ministers were so elated at the news that they went in a body to pay their respects and congratulations to Lady Miramon, and immediately set themselves about to prepare the firing of a grand salute, the ringing of bells, &c., and also to make preliminary arrangements to erect triumphal arches, while the ladies in the meantime were to make a crown to grace the youthful conqueror's brow on his return from the fall of heroic Vera Cruz. This terrible cheat was played upon their credulity by the famous Carjaval, who went to the telegraph office of San Martin, and with pistol in hand, forced the poor trembling operator to send the above intelligence.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Herald alluding to the terrors which intraicine war brings on a nation, says:

In the State of Jalisco, a guerilla chief, but of no particular party, has been distinguishing himself in a manner entitling him to consideration amongst the most noted of cruel savages. This ruffian, named Rojas, entered the town of Teul on the 26th ult., and at once set to work seizing the population, and burning and destroying the place. On the 27th, he set to work shooting his male prisoners, and kept at this business for three days, until he had pitched upon one heap one hundred and sixty dead bodies. During this time he and his men violated all of the youngest and best looking of the female population, sacked all the houses of their valuables, destroying them afterwards, and stripped his prisoners of all such articles of clothing as suited their fancy. The parish church of the place was first sacked and then burned, the priest taking the scent in time and made his escape—otherwise, he certainly would have suffered. From the accounts we have, the whole affair was attended with the most horrible and disgusting exhibitions of lust and cruelty.

FIRE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

The fire in the Dismal Swamp is still raging furiously in some places, and the light and smoke are visible from Norfolk. The flames nearly reached the track of the Norfolk and Petersburg Road, and at one time the cars passed through the dense clouds of smoke with difficulty. Great exertions were required to prevent one or two dwellings from being consumed.

In 1736 Jonathan Hulle first set forth the idea of steam navigation.

The new S. C. Capitol.

A recent correspondent writing from Columbia, South Carolina, gives an interesting description of the new Capitol in course of erection:

The reputation of this city of gardens and shade trees, the capital of South Carolina, as one of the most beautiful cities on the American continent, has not been exaggerated. It is now, with its immediate suburbs, a town of about nine thousand inhabitants, the streets wide and lined on each side with trees, sometimes rows of trees in the middle of the streets, and flower gardens, now in their glory, in front of all the private residences. Of the public buildings, the new and magnificent State House now in course of erection, has advanced so far towards completion, that the third and last story is now being put up, and the workmen are engaged in preparing the cornice. This new edifice is worthy of particular notice, and I beg here to express my acknowledgments to one of the accomplished architects, and gentlemen engaged upon this great work, Mr. John A. Kay, for the information which I am enabled to lay before the public.

This noble structure was designed by Mr. John R. Niernsee, an eminent architect, who formerly conducted an extensive practice in Baltimore, and it is being built under his immediate supervision. The house is 269 feet long, including the wing, and 130 feet wide in the centre portion; the wings are 83 feet in width, and the structure will stand upon a paved terrace five feet above the street. There are to be four entrances on the first story, that on the South being under a *porte cochere*. The entrance hall on the first floor is 28 feet wide, and leads from the North and South into the central hall, which will form a splendid apartment, lighted from the roof by two sky-lights, each 15 feet square, and the stairs ascending right and left in two flights, each eight feet wide. Rooms for the Executive department and for the Secretary of State, Surveyor General, Treasurer and Comptroller General, are also upon this floor, and in addition, the Equity and Appeal Court rooms, with Law and Equity Libraries, Clerks' rooms and numerous committee rooms are provided. The principal entrance to the building is by a broad and magnificent flight of steps, 95 feet wide, leading up to a portico projecting from the building 20 feet and supported by two rows of Corinthian columns, ten in each row. The main features on this floor are the entrance Hall, Senate Chamber, Representative Hall and Library is 81 by 46 feet. There are also offices and private rooms for the President and Clerk of the Senate and Speaker and Clerk of the House, adjoining the respective Houses. The Solicitor's office is 25 by 32 feet. The Senate Chamber, Representative Hall and Library, are to be 35 feet high, and the entrance to the galleries of these rooms is from the 3d floor, by which is avoided the necessity of clambering up a narrow stairway to hear discussion, as is too frequently the case in legislative buildings. The material used is granite, of a very superior quality; it is quarried within three miles of the State House and conveyed on a railroad constructed expressly for that purpose. The quarry is one of the finest in America, as blocks of any dimension can be obtained up to 80 feet in length, and it has the further advantage of being destitute of pyrites, so that there is no apprehension of iron rust—it is of an uniform light blueish grey color, and at a little distance can scarcely be distinguished from marble. On each side of the grand entrance doorway, will be the Roman *fasces* or emblem of authority, and over these will be two eagles, then two medallion busts of McDuffie, and Hayne, executed by Mr. H. K. Brown, of the U. S. Art Commission; above these again will be two festoons composed very artistically of the cotton plant—this portion is executed in marble. Mr. Brown has, likewise, received a commission to fill the tympanum of the North Pediment with alto-relief statuary, and his design is a happy conception. The centre figure, which is thirteen feet high, is a female walking on the sea-shore, on her left hand a Palmetto tree and on her right the rising sun, with the anchor of hope beside her—this being the arms of the State. On one side is Justice with the sword and scales, a lion at her feet as the emblem of strength; on the other a figure of liberty, with the eagle of America rising beside her. To the left of this central group, are negroes rolling cotton bales, and farther on a cotton field is represented, with the negroes gathering cotton. On the right hand, a rice field in harvest time—thus the industry and commerce of the Palmetto State at the present time will be faithfully represented to future generations. The columns in the interior of the building are to be of Tennessee marble, from the quarries belonging to Messrs. Wm. Dougherty & Co. Mr Dougherty resides in Columbia, having taken an extensive contract to furnish and prepare the marble for columns, door and window dressings, &c., and has erected a very fine marble mill to execute his contract. It is expected that the building will be completed in about four years and South Carolina can then be proud of possessing the finest capitol in the Union. As a school of art alone, for her rising generations, she will well be remunerated for her present expenditure, and in addition her people will find that by developing her own internal resources, they are sowing the seed which will produce a rich and abundant harvest. The commissioner of the work is General James Jones; architect, Mr. John R. Niernsee; assistant architect, Mr. John A. Kay. There are over 500 workmen and laborers engaged.

Troubles like babies; grow bigger by nursing.

Historic Items.

THE LEXINGTON "FIFER."

Jonathan Harrington, who played the fife for the *Minute-Men* on the morning of the battle on Lexington Green, was living up to the year 1848. He was then 90 years old, and well remembered the scenes of that eventful first battle.

THE PALMETTO TREE.

This tree is indigenous to the low sandy shores of the Southern States: it grows from twenty to forty feet in height without branches, terminating in a laze tuft of long leaves somewhat resembling the palm. The wood is very porous, and a bullet, or cannon ball, on entering it makes no extended fracture.

MARY CHILTON.

The "Mayflower" having passed Cape Cod and entered the harbor of Plymouth, this maiden, looking forward, exclaimed, "I will be the first to step on that rock." Accordingly, when the landing boat was in readiness, Mary Chilton took her station forward, and was permitted to be the first to land on Plymouth Rock.

ETHAN ALLEN'S SWORD.

The veritable sword which Ethan Allen carried through the perils of many well fought battles, is now in the possession of one of his female descendents at Grand Haven, Michigan. It is the same staunch blade that he waved aloft when "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress" he demanded the surrender of the stronghold of Ticonderoga.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

It is related of this distinguished man, that when some of his friends lamented his confinement under a sentence of death, which he knew not how soon he might suffer, made this remarkable answer, the truth and pertinency of which will be readily acknowledged—viz: "That the world itself was only a *larger prison* out of which some were every day selected for execution."

Sir Walter was beheaded in the reign of James the First, on the 28th day of October, 1618, in the 66th year of his age.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

The beautiful poem, by Thomas Campbell, is full of errors, that poet never having visited our country, and consequently could know but little or nothing of our Pennsylvanian peculiarities. The "Lakes," the "Flamingo," and the "Mock bird," are all strangers to Wyoming; and the historical allusions in the poem are quite as much strangers to truth. But as a composition it is incomparable, and hypercriticism may conscientiously pass by what may be considered poetic licenses, and leave its beauties untouched.

ORIGIN OF FRUITS, FLOWERS, AND PLANTS.

Coffee is a native of Mocha, Arabia.
Citron originated in Thessaly, Greece.
Chestnuts came from Southern Italy.
Corn was first found in North America.
Cucumbers were first cultivated in the East Indies.
Celery is a native of Northern Germany.
Horse Chestnuts originated in Thibet.
Lilacs were first discovered in Persia.
Onions were indigenous to Egypt.
Radishes come from China and Japan.
Peaches and Pears are of Persian origin.
Rye came originally from Siberia.
Oats were first discovered in North America.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
Sun-flowers were first cultivated in Peru.
Quinces are a native of the Island of Crete.
Walnuts were first discovered in Persia.
Poppies came from the gardens of the East.
Violets are natives of the South of France.
Olives came originally from Spain.
Potatoes (of scrub growth) were first found in America.
Parsley was first discovered in Sardinia.

OUR RELATIONS WITH SPAIN.

It is stated that the Hon. Wm. Preston, Embassador to Spain, returned by the Asia, and has proceeded to Washington, negotiated a treaty with the Queen's Government whereby all the questions hitherto in issue between the two nations are adjusted, and the most amiable relations re-established.

A BLOOD-CHILLING TRAGEDY.

The Howard County, (Ind.) Tribune, says that one day last week Mr. Levi Sizelove, in the eastern part of the county, after he had chopped down a tree and had walked on it to the top, he discovered something moving, and slowly approached it, thinking the tree had fallen on a pig. What must have been his feelings when he discovered that it was his own six-year old girl? There was his child, its head almost entirely cut apart, and one of its eyes lying on its breast. The lower extremeties still moved, but life had thus been horribly taken. The child had gone to the woods to seek its parent without any one of the family knowing of its absence.

THE THAMES.

Large contracts have been made in London for the perchloride of iron to the amount of 5,345 lbs. per day between the 1st of May and the 1st of September, to be used for the deodorization of the Thames, to combat the evil of the stench of the river which is expected to recur each year, until the main drainage works of the city are completed. The perchloride is to be emptied in certain quantities daily at the outlets of the present sewers.

A man will generally give you his advice without charge; but you will often be cheated if you take it.

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

DESTROYING GARDEN INSECTS.

The foes against which the gardener is forced to wage a perpetual war of extermination, though individually insignificant, are in the aggregate most formidable. We will try to give a few useful hints of a general character to aid the reader in this warfare.

Sowing a garden with salt, at the rate of six or eight bushels to the acre, will cause many insects to disappear. It should be done in the autumn. Digging the soil in the winter, and thus exposing it to the frost, will destroy many grubs, etc. Wide mouthed bottles, partly filled with molasses and water, and hung up in a garden, make excellent traps for the moths, which are the parents of many destructive vermin. Mr. Downing mentions an acquaintance who thus caught and destroyed in a single season *three bushels of insects*, and preserved his garden almost free from them. A bright fire of resinous pine, tar, shavings, or any other combustible, kindled in the garden at night, on a platform erected for the purpose, will attract and destroy millions. Birds are among the best friends of the gardener, and should by no means be destroyed, although some of them may eat a few raspberries or cherries. Toads live almost entirely upon insects, and do no harm in a garden. Induce as many of them as possible to make it their home. Hens and chickens should have access whenever it can safely be permitted.

To drive insects away from plants various preparations are useful. A writer in the *Southern Cultivator* recommends the following:

"Put into a barrel of water a quarter of a pound of camphor, in pieces of the size of a hickory nut, and let it stand a day before using. Water your plants with this. The barrel may be refilled many times before the camphor will have all been dissolved. A cupful of strong lye put into the water will add to the strength of the mixture by causing the water to take up more camphor. Camphor is very offensive to most insects." Tobacco-water is another efficient remedy. Lime, charcoal-dust, ashes, soot, snuff, and sulphur sprinkled upon plants prove a defense against most destroyers. To expel the striped bug from cucumbers, squashes, etc., water the plants daily with a strong decoction of quassia, made by pouring four gallons of boiling water on four pounds of quassia, in a barrel, and, after twelve hours, filling the barrel with water.—The intolerable squash or pumpkin bug may be thoroughly driven off by a decoction of double strength, containing a pound of glue to ten gallons, to make it adhere.

The most effectual and the cheapest remedy for the striped bug, however, consists in defending each hill of melons, cucumbers, squashes, etc., by a box about fifteen inches square, the sides being eight to ten inches high, covered with mullinet or some similar thin material.

The following recipe for making a "barrier to insects" is given in the *Gardener's Chronicle*. It may be easily tried:

"Take of common resin 1½ lbs.; sweet oil, 1 lb.; place them in a pipkin over the fire until the resin is melted; stir the materials together, that they may be well blended; when cold the substance formed, which the discoverer calls 'rezoil,' will be of the consistency of molasses. To use the rezoil it should be spread with a brush upon shreds or any fitting material, and wrapped round the stem of the plant; if any support is used, that should be brushed over also. No insect can possibly, or will attempt to cross this barrier; the rezoil never dries, but always remains sticky and clammy—its action as a trap is therefore obvious."

But, however numerous and effective the other remedies, "eternal vigilance" can not be dispensed with in dealing with the pests of the garden.

TO MAKE WIVES HAPPY.

All that a wife really craves in this world is *love*—the love of her husband and children. Now, the word love means respect, attention, pretty compliments, tenderness, fondling, companionship—and eight women out of ten will be supremely happy—even in poverty—if their husbands treat them with loving kindness. Make a companion, confident, and friend of your wife—and she will be happy even with the hunger pain gnawing at her stomach. Without love, woman is usually miserable, even when surrounded with pomp and circumstance. Any husband can make his wife love him if he chooses, but he must be devoted, tender gallant, and should not spare those little terms of endearment which are so easily spoken. A half dozen well delivered kisses will leave a sensible woman in heaven for a whole day.—Show us the man who will deny his wife this felicity, and we will show you a man who is indifferent about his own happiness.

SODA SPONGE CAKE.

One cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, a half teaspoonful of soda, and bake in a quick oven.

ANOTHER.

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of raised dough, or bread sponge, four eggs, fruits and spices.

CRULLERS.

One cupful of sugar, six tablespoonfuls of butter, three eggs, and flour to make moderately stiff dough, and fry in hot lard.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Destiny.

*As portrayed by the recent murder of captain and crew on the oyster sloop E. A. Johnson.**

BY KATE J. BOYD.

Floating at the mercy of the wind and waves,
A small craft was seen by three noble braves.
Ah! little did they think 'till they mounted her deck,
How brave hearts had suffered to prevent human wreck.
Ah! there stands the doomed, with *Cain's* mark on his brow:
He has thrown away lightly his all of life now.
As we view this sad scene of the living and dead,
Horror clothes the soul with a withering dread.
For a thousand memories must have rushed o'er the soul
Of those who were struggling with a demon so bold.
Was it for *honor* he sought their lives thus?—
Ah! no it was gain—that should make a *man* blush.
So joy for thee, trembler: thou hast seal'd thine own doom:
Life's sun must soon set 'neath the gallow's dark gloom—
One ray of hope is all that's left now: look up!
And hark to the voice of your Saviour on high:
He calls to thee kindly, then pass Him not by.
For *He* knows your anguish, your wounds He will heal.
Then turn to Him now, for He giveth hope's seal.
Ah! now the scene changes: a cry of despair—
The voice of a wife—rings out on the air.
For the lov'd and the lost who'll ne'er return more
'Till they meet with their child on the far distant shore.

Long Island, N. Y.

*E. A. Hicks is now incarcerated in our Tombs for said murder.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Springtime.

BY MATILDA.

Ah! the joyous spring is coming:
Hear her breathing low and sweet,
Hear her voice like music ringing,
Hear the trembling of her feet
Over the mountains and the vallies
Gliding with a silvery sound,
Waking up the forest singers,
Waking blossoms all around.
Calling up the blue-eyed blossoms,
Making all the waters bright,
With her clear and loving glances
Bathing all things in delight.

Welcome, welcome! time of beauty,
Welcome with thy birds and flowers:
Bring thy rich and lovely garlands,
Twine them round this world of ours:
Fold thy mantle o'er the mountains:
Bathe the hills in brightest dew:
O'er the shadowed nooks and vallies
Haste thy rosy gifts to strew:
Gladness to our hearts thou bringest,
Brightness to our weary eyes,—
For thou whispered to us ever
Of a spring-time in the skies.

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE PRIDE OF VIVIAN GRAY.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER IV.

The minister's past and present.

THE week after that memorable sabbath was glad, bright weather. Vivian Gray performed her round of duties with no apparently diminished energy, but had one looked narrowly upon her brow, there might have been seen the indentation of a few more wrinkles, and her hair was a lighter, brighter silver. As for the little one, she at times regained all her natural vivacity. She was a happy child—mirth sparkled in her blue eyes and Vivian had begun already to glory in her beauty.

After every visit the little one made to the lean old cow in her broken shed—or to the chickens, whose play-ground was the area of a large corn field, or to the one pig that grew fat off the poor leavings of Vivian's scanty meals and the luscious heaps that farmer Allen sent stealthily over by his boy, every evening—the fond old woman would call the child to her, and with basin beside her, and comb in hand, arrange and re arrange the soft curls that the wind had thrown about her fair cheeks. The child was sunshine in the old house, and Vivian with her stately ways and lonely, sorrowful moments, could not resist the artless appeals to her whole love. She was compelled to caress her, for the child's spirit was so tender, a look would call up tears—a harsh word almost break her heart.

For she would sit in her grand-mother's lap, would lay her lovely head upon her bosom—and—always over the heart as if she knew that place by right should be hers. She never wearied of lisping all her little love, for she had transferred her affections entirely upon this cold, haughty woman. If at times Vivian, stung by a cruel recollection lifted her with a quick, harsh motion from her knee—because a terrible, terrible thought checked the current of her warmer impulses, stopped the tide almost of life itself, and placed her impetuously in her chair, or upon the floor, leaving her there wondering—and sought her chamber to walk herself into calmness, the sweet, timid, pleading manner of the dear child on her return revived the old tenderness, and she would exclaim,

"O! Mary—my little Mary—thou art a joy and a pain to me. Only for thy mother's sake little Mary I will forget the pain and thou shall seem to me even as she did"—while the child understanding that through a broken cloud the sun was dritting, opened her little heart to its light and warmth and ran dancing through the old rooms till a smile crept to the pale lips of the poor widow; something like the smile of the olden time.

Since Mary's death, minister Rollston had called often at the Oaks. His good heart felt a great and yearning pity for the desolate widow. He had borne her on his heart for many years, in prayer, and he strove to see indications of a thorough change in her nature. She showed more tenderness when she talked of her children, calling up memories with which he was connected and dwelling upon her afflictions as long as the good man would listen.

Twice, recently she had asked him to tea at the Oaks with a new and it seemed to him, sincere cordiality. For many long years she had not done that before—and once she urged him in tones so gentle, with a manner so kind that he blushed and accepted the invitation with the stammering bashfulness of a youth. Thoughts that for twenty-five years had not troubled the calm surface of his heart, stole in upon him, as he sat in the low parlor, intently studying the few choice old pictures on the walls, or gazing through the window at the semi-tre-tinted bushes as the wind looped up the tremulous gauzy curtain. He listened for the measured foot-steps of Vivian as she arranged the evening meal in the kitchen, and stealing upon him insensibly, came emotions that he had deemed crucified, and the smouldering fire of his love so long buried under ashes was kindled again.

Twenty-five years ago Vivian Gray had been his soul's idol. He had worshipped her with a passion so intense that at one time it threatened to overbalance reason. He had come to the village a quiet, thoughtful teacher. Handsome, reserved, and thirty, he had never yet seen the woman who could make his heart throb with a quicker beat, by word or smile.

One day an old man brought his only daughter to the school,—

"Miss Vivian Gray, sir—and I particularly request that you will give her a seat by herself."

It seemed but yesterday that he had seen that proud old father, his long white locks falling over a collar of most precise pattern. And at his side stood Vivian—beautiful Vivian—haughty Vivian Gray—her little feet buried in bright clover buds, her graceful head—from which hung partly in loop, partly in curl, shining masses of gold-brown hair—tossed with a coquettish, disdainful motion from side to side. Her veiled eyes followed the swaying of a white cambric sun-bonnet, pendant by the strings from a fairy finger. A very queen among the flowers, she stood, while curious whisperings went on at the school-room window where many a bright face peeped out. Haughty Vivian Gray! who deemed the earth honored by the press of her foot and wondered why flowers sprang not up in her pathway to do her homage!

He remembered how he had stood as the stately creature entered, forgetting the nearly finished exercises—following her languidly-graceful motins with his eyes, and scarce breathing as she took the seat to which he pointed. Then, recalled by the smothered mirth of his young-lady-pupils how dreamily he recommenced his task, rectifying no mistakes, noting no misdemeanor, while his eyes would wonder stealthily to where she sat enshrined in loveliness that craved admiration and defied homage.

It seemed but that very morning that he had heard some of his elder scholars declare, as he dismissed school, that they would not suffer that intolerable Vivian Gray to eclipse them. Nor should she be entitled to the least consideration on account of her beauty, or her father's wealth—that they would be on the watch to thwart her and lay plans to bar her progress. Perhaps these threats spurred him to watch more assiduously over his new pupil—and to make up by his two fold interest for the coldness which his pupils, with jealous, school-girl spirit had determined on manifesting toward her.

Every day his heart beat with the wildest hopes, when that proud young face sparkled through the little, dark door way. In her department, towards him she was unaccountably gracious. She had been blind indeed to be unconscious of his adoration. She read his devotion in the very deference with which he offered her the merest trifles, and her first conquest acquired new consequence from the fact that her school-mates felt no congeniality of taste or sympathy with her. She gloried in reigning the queen of the school-house, and by her cutting speeches and withering sarcasm, so alienated all but one ever fond heart, that they never felt again the rebound of what kindly feelings they might have cherished spite of their prejudice—when she first came among them.

He gave her a moss rosebud one summer's night. They were walking leisurely across the fields towards home. The heavens were serenely beautiful—so was Vivian. She threw her hat carelessly back. The soft winds spread the shining masses of her hair over her shoulders and capped them round her white throat. To the enamored school-master, she looked more than angelic. "Truth glanced from the deeps of her clear eyes—and therefrom a brilliant, soul-light seemed mysteriously revolving. Never was the schoolmaster so transcendently happy. To his excited fancy the great field glittered as if the stars in all their golden splendor had dropped down, and stood poised on each glittering grass-blade. A warm glow at his heart made him long to break out in rapturous language, and tell how glorious everything appeared to him—and how more than mortal seemed the beautiful creature at his side. But his emotions grew too sacred for language—they welled to the tip of his tongue, and then crept softly back to the fountain that sent them forth, to give silent happiness, to impart a delight that can be only fully experienced by intensely spiritual temperaments.

The next day a moss rose—the bud of the previous twilight—peeped from the rich ringlets of the favorite pupil, and the sight gave the schoolmaster a hope that had never before dared even unfold to the faintest petal.

"Why do you wear the rose?" he whispered while his temples crimsoned, and he dared not lift his eyes.

"O! for the sake of the giver, to be sure."

The simple sentence leaped out laughingly, but the rosy lips closed afterward with an expression of contempt. The words—(the manner was all unnoticed) flashed like fire through his brain—sank burning into his heart *For the sake of the giver!* Would she trifle with him if she loved him? Would she dare thus encourage him? Noble-minded himself, he would not allow a possibility of deception in that fair young being. She a coquette—scarcely more than a child? He would cast the thought from him. He was beloved—and by the most glorious creature in the world; whose very pride made her seem a prize worth braving death to obtain.

All that day pupils and master were bewitched. Everything was wrong, and yet nothing was wrong—at least to the possessed tutor.—At evening he walked home with her again, and the rash man dared to say what his lips had better have sealed forever, unless he had been a better student of the heart. But how often does a man in love pause to study that most complex of all human things, a woman's nature?

Bitterly was he repulsed—haughtily was the daring attempt resented!

It was just such a radiant evening as the last—the stars were as bright, the moon as yellowly soft—the grass twinkled with dew drops—the birds skimmed across the field with short, sharp twitterings. A few white clouds sailed from the burning censers of the still faintly crimsoned west, and Vivian, her tall form drawn to its utmost height, looked twice the queen she ever had in her loftiest moments of pride. But with her own beautiful lips she had woven a fall for his spirit, and it would have been the same to him had the landscape been shrouded in the darkness of a clouded midnight. His first eager, holy gift of pure love had been flung contemptuously back upon his heart and that mocking laugh! those cutting words—

"Mr. Rollston—do you remember who you are?"

Yes, too well he remembered—an indigent schoolmaster, doomed perhaps to be unknown to fame—a poor young man, with nothing to recommend him to the world but a fine figure and a handsome face. For a moment indignation supersed ed every tenderer emotion.

"I am a fool!" he exclaimed passionately—"for what I have done this night."

"I think you are," she replied, with a light, mocking laugh. "But as you own it, like a man—why, there's a chance of your improvement. Good-night."

He remembered with a swelling heart how he had stood, granite-like, watching the motions of that overweeningly proud creature.—He could see as the wind lifted her ringlets, the beautiful arch of her white neck—and while almost stunned with the conviction that she had been a cold-hearted coquette, he could have worshipped her. Coldness and darkness settled down upon his spirit. At a long, long distance he followed her to her home. The "Oaks" was then in its glory. The vines were trained with a skilful hand, and the warm flush of crimson roses imparted a softness to the outlines of the building, that gave it a picturesque beauty. There he flung himself down, where, secluded from all observation he could look into the cold, wide entry, across whose floor bright bridges of light were flung from room to room—for there was much company at the Oaks and all the windows were ablaze. He listened to the thrilling laughter that had made such rich music in his heart—there was not a tone unaltered.

It leaped up, shook in silvery cadences (still there was a plaint of sadness in it) and died away as naturally as ever—and all the while the great oaks with their waving arms that looked spectral in the moonlight, threw the soft outlines of their shadows even to the pretty porch. The rose bushes leaned up to the lattices, and the tall blue lilies swung their bells and threw their perfume faintly on the air, while from the huge boughs overhead chirped the shrill "Katy-did" monotonously.

He could not definitely reason why, but he seemed to feel as if the trees should be blasted, the roses withered, the lilies bruised and broken, and the songs of birds and the chirping of insects hushed forever. He did not move even when he saw Vivian come to the door, and standing outside, lean her head back against the column that supported the veranda. He only thought how dazzling she was, with that silvery moonlight falling on her white forehead, and throwing here and there a bright gleam upon the midnight tresses that curled over and mingled with twining tendrils and glossy green leaves.

Had she gone out to where he lay prone on the ground, he would have remained there still, and perhaps have told her that he meant to till he died.

She danced out twice to the great elms, blithely, now throwing her white arms gracefully upward, then holding her bright garments from the dew, flung a few trilling notes up to the "Katy did," then vanished like a dazzling vision into the house with her cousin.

A feverish fire crept to the brain of the poor schoolmaster as he lay with no desire but that of death, and with that feeling of utter forlornness which the first bitter love-sorrow throws over the spirit—that feeling that the soul is sinking and no hand near to stay it up.

Again that merry laugh thrilled him. It seemed nearer now. He sprang to his feet and leaned his burning head against the trunk of a great elm. He threw his arms around it and laid his wildly beating heart against its kindly, shaggy body that was like a friend to him. There shone a light in the chamber occupied by Vivian, and he could see her standing in the centre of the room, unhooping the blue ribbon that girdled her waist. She threw back her hair, and gathering its masses together with one hand, knotted it against the top of her head, while the curling tips fell branching over like a coronet. So still was the night that every few moments he distinguished her words, and with a painful shrinking of the soul he addressed himself in an attitude of attention.

"Did you ever hear anything quite so ridiculous?"—and then gushed out a peal of derisive laughter. The answer was undistinguishable—but again that voice reached him.

"Why, he is only our county schoolmaster; almost thrice my age. I marry *him?*"

Strongly did his passionate love bleed with anger toward the cruel girl who could jest about a thing so holy—could even bandy his name with contempt before strangers.

I will hate her—I *will* hate her," he gnashed between his teeth. At that moment he looked up. She was leaning from the window, reaching with her little white hand and round full arm after the catch that fastened the shutter back, pressing away at the same time the clinging vine ambitions to clasp her forehead.

With a groan the young man closed his eyes, and when she was locked away from his sight, he turned from the oaks and walked home with faltering steps.

The next day—nor the next—nor ever again did Vivian Gray go to the country school. She was sent to a more ambitious institution. The master's pale face and listless demeanor was likely to be accounted for after their own fashion by the roguish scholars, and teacher Rollston's name became a byword among them. After a few weeks he gave up what was now to him but a task, hopeless and cheerless, and went to the home of a relative, there to prosecute his studies. Sorrow, though it refined him did not call up his energies, nor strike out the vigor of his intellect. His was one of those timid minds that droop under an ungenial atmosphere, though the sea of prosperity might have called into kindlier being the elements that make great men. As it was, he was destined never to be great, except in the matter of silent endurance and a calm fortitude that gave his countenance a noble stamp.

Some minds surrounded by all the elegancies of art, the love of dear friends, and the prosperity of the world will only develop into average maturity; while others in the wretched garrets of cities, sitting by creaking tables, in broken-backed chairs, suffering from the agony of unrequited love, seeing no beauty, only a blank of dingy corners and unpainted walls, will create a paradise from material seemingly utterly barren, and call into glorious living loveliness, the most glowing masterpieces of imagination. Of the latter class was not the schoolmaster.

Five years passed and he returned to the village where he had taught, a minister of the orthodox profession—returned to find Vivian married to a young lawyer a cousin, and the mother of two beautiful children. He never loved again—but schooled his heart to stoical indifference and became almost a stranger to the proud being who had once ruled all his thoughts.

These pictures had passed through the elder's mind till the past had become so blended with the present that when Vivian stood again before him, he gazed upon her for a moment with all the tenderness of the olden time.

The light had grown dim save where the pink flush on the horizon sent now and then a faint rose-hue that tinted the shadows in the parlor. The elder did not see the gray locks, the faded cheeks—he only beheld the white hands—the eyes bright as in youth.

How comfortable looked the wide old kitchen as he entered it! The blazing fire, the neatly covered footstools and yellow, shining floor seemed fitly accompanied by the small table with its quaint silver dishes and delicately prepared viands.

They stood together after supper, watching the last purpling tints of the sun upon the hills. A comely couple they were—both tall, both still very handsome in their old age. The widow had forgotten perchance that she was better than ordinary flesh and blood—or—who knows whether the spirit of coquetry can live in the bosom of fifty? The suggestion is not a pleasing one.

Minister Rollston in the newly awakened warmth of tenderness, dropped his measured accents, and spoke cheerfully, almost briskly.

The old, true love! how had it rushed back in a living tide upon his heart! What a flood of sacred emotions it had called forth! Silently, unawares, he gazed at Vivian—and a second time the impulse came strong upon him to pour out his love and pray her not to reject him now, but to bless his lonely lot and home.—How happily might they live together, forgetting all the sorrows of the past—thanking God for the joys of the present. But he became painfully conscious that the widow drew her head up with a regnant air—that the old, defiant pride which he had learned so well how to interpret, gloomed down upon her features—that a coldness was gradually settling between them with a great gulf that he might never cross. He felt the reaction upon his own nerves; his limbs relaxed—his brow bent downwards, a change passed over his features like a sharp but brief struggle—and he was calm again.

The little child—her sorrow long ago forgotten—bounded in, shouting something about beautiful flowers—a fragrant bunch of which she held in both her little hands. In his heart the old minister thanked God for this timely interruption; with a smothered sigh, bent low and kissed her rosy cheek.

One moment ago he could have fallen upon his knees before the woman he had loved so madly—now, with his formal voice and ceremonious manner, he bade her good night—lifted his broad-brimmed hat, and choking down once more, and as he thought—forever—all his new-born feelings, he passed along the garden-walks without deviating from the precision of the straight, middle path, and as slowly as when he had first come to the house of mourning unlatched the gate and latched it again behind him.

In three short hours what an experience had that old man passed through! How new joys, like fresh flowers had opened to his view, to fade while they blessed him. He had lifted the marble slab from the tomb of the past—but only to find that tomb filled with the ashes of dead hopes.

Quietly he returned to his old study, and with methodical movements hung up coat and hat, and sat himself in the chair of antiquated leather. There he folded his hands, squared his elbows on the carved arms and leaned his chin upon his knuckles. What did those calm gray eyes see, looking inwardly, though intent upon the smouldering fire that had burned low on his hearth. The time of his retirement came, but he mused on. His plain old housekeeper brought him his night-candle, and smoothed her white apron preparatory to her good evening courtesy—but he did not look towards her. Bolt upright, only that his head leaned forward, he still sat, gazing on vacancy. Ten, eleven, sounded the clock from the hall, and the strong strokes seemed to cleave the gloomy atmosphere. Twelve struck out, and at the same instant there came three hurried raps from the street door-knocker, on old lion's head, grim and green with age. The elder started from his chair, and rubbed his eyes vigorously, then went down stairs to see who had called at this late hour.

"Minister," said a cheery voice, "the widow Gray has sent for you."

A cold chill crept over the whole body of the old man—a mist like that of death gathered before his eyes; his voice grew husky as he exclaimed:

"Doctor—I hope—I trust is not—"

"Yes—ill—quite ill; in fact, I'm fearful she won't live the night through. My chaise is here—wrap yourself up—I will take you right there."

The elder walked back for his cane and his hat like one in a dream. He came down, still with that trance-like look in his face which the doctor, a new resident, and a hale young man could not be expected to see, or to speculate upon if he did. A short drive carried them to the door. The elder, mechanically stepped out of the chaise—quietly, wandering at his own stolidity followed the weeping maid up to the large front chamber.

From that very room he had heard her mocking laugh—that cruel speech. Then, and now—alas! the mighty change!

The mist was still in his eyes so that he saw but dimly the tall, four-posted bedstead with its ghostly drapery. Not till he went very near to her did he see Vivian. Though every still beautiful feature was sharpened to the extremest tension of coming disolution to him in his eyes she seemed more lovely than ever. She had no cap on, and those long, abundant tresses sweeping back from the fearful whiteness of her forehead, silvered though they were, looked strangely beautiful in the flickering light. Her hands were folded; she appeared resigned and peaceful.

"Is it you, elder Rollston?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. — Gray," he replied, slowly; he would have said Vivian, but he checked himself, seeing as he spoke, with a more vivid comprehension, the white hair, the death-like features, and beyond, the sweet, smiling face, dream-brightened, of the innocent Mary—the pretty little grandchild of the woman before him.

"I'm glad you came, elder; thought you would. Yes, I know how it is with me; I havn't long to live. It came suddenly like a sharp clap of thunder—the summons. I felt in a moment how it was with me, and oh! my friend, how the past—all my past has come up before me!"

Her voice trembled, and the elder controlling his emotion, murmured—"and I—I too thought of those long gone times."

"But for what have you to reproach yourself?" murmured the faltering tones again—"you who have walked in the light, you who have conquered as only the christian can conquer. I dare not tell you what thoughts have come to me, even in my old age, and I have seen you rising serenely in the sacred desk to teach the people out of the depths of your own sorrow, how to suffer and be strong. Such things should not concern me now—but I must tell *you* what you have been—a pattern and a reproach to me; *I* have been—oh! I dare not think what; I dare not. False to myself and to those around me, I deserve the displeasure of God—I feel it. O! elder—This is the dread hour for the unveiling of life-long secrets. I must say to you also how unjust I have been to you—and to myself. If I wounded your heart once—I wounded my own for all time. Hand me the little box at your right—that will tell you what confession my lips still shrink from. Open it, elder."

Bewildered—agitated almost beyond the control of his feelings—with shaking hand the

m'nister uncovered the little box. What sight saw he there on a cushion of the softest white satin? A revelation. The moss-rose that had lain twined amid her curls on that remarkable, fearful night—and under it the words, braided with silks whose colors had almost faded out—

"*I love but will not tell.*"

Strange occupation that, for an old man! bending over a love-relic and he on the verge of sixty-five years. At last a tear—then another and another, dropped slowly down on those withered petals, and still he bent his head, his gray locks falling over his cheeks above that little token.

Then he knelt reverently down, lifted one of her passive hands, and dropping his face upon it—sobbed out—

"God bless you forever, Vivian, for this dear certainty, though it comes at the eleventh hour, and too late, too late for our earthly happiness."

"Only pray that we may meet in heaven;" she whispered.

"Then you *did* love me, Vivian—you loved me"—his voice lingered along the word—"oh! why?"—again the sob in his throat choked him.

"Why did I cause you to suffer? why was I false to myself? O! pride, pride!—I have no other answer to give God."

"Then will I stay by you, Vivian to the last: it is my right—heaven knows I have earned it by suffering; heaven knows how true I have been to the memory of that early love that has come back like a great wave surging over my old heart. O! Vivian-to-night only to-night I dreamed it all over when I stood beside you—I dared to hope that I might yet call you my own—my wife!—and that calmly we might pass the evening of our life together. Is it all over—all over now?"

And she answered, pityingly, grievingly—"it is all over for now—but perhaps for hereafter—" there was a dreamy brightness in her eye as she dropped the unfinished sentence.

She turned a glance upon him that thrilled him. She lifted her hand slowly and laid it on his head—and her fingers tried to wander among the whitening curls, but could not, because of weakness. At last, when he had replaced her hands in a cold fold upon the coverlet—he bent above her and kissed her brow.

Till the morning, he watched by her side—then came the cheery face of the good physician. His eye kindled as he glanced from the pale sleeper to the rigid anxious lines of the watcher's face.

"Do you know," he said softly—"I detect favorable signs. She is not going to die."

Why did the heart of that old man sink!—He could not himself have told. The sweet certainty that had buoyed up his spirit during that eventful night vanished as the mist of the morning. With life he felt, would spring up again the pride, now couchant that had been as much a part of her as the branch is part of the tree. Nothing more, he felt, had he to hope for the living future. She would be, he was certain, even more cold and formal for the secret she had betrayed. But he had with him the proofs of his brief happiness, and those he would never part with. Perchance neither would recur again to the hour of dread, uncertainty, and humiliation—for in no other light would Vivian Gray recall it—yet the bliss would never die out in his soul that *once* she had loved him.

So he smiled calmly as he took her hand on her awakening and told her not what she feared—yet what she had not dared to hope. He was courteous, nothing more: she was quiet but, one who could read the secrets of those deep eyes might see—stirred inwardly by doubts, misgivings and the return of that indomitable pride that only death could conquer.

So the pastor took his leave. He had passed through another strangely thrilling experience, and his heart belied the expression of his Roman face—that was calm as marble.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TIME BALL.

The Time Ball, provided for the community by Thomas Tileston and Royal Phelps, has been placed upon the Custom House, and, in a few days, will be able to indicate the precise noontime to all beholders. The apparatus which is the original and ingenious invention of C. T. and J. N. Chester, requires careful testing before its responsible office is assumed. Time will be given, as already announced, by the Dudley Observatory at Albany, over one of the wires of the New York City, Albany and Buffalo Telegraph Comapny; but a second telegraphic connection will be made with Mr. Hammond's clock establishment at the Merchant's Exchange, from which Time believed to be perfectly accurate, will be supplied in case the electric current fails between this city and Albany, which will be daily ascertained by a preliminary test. When the captains of vessels in the harbor direct their glasses at the huge red ball near the top of the staff, and catch the sudden glimpse of sky revealed by its fall from the field of vision, they may be sure that it is the precise time for this longitude, as nearly as human skill can determine it, and may adjust their chronometers accordingly. The ball is six feet in diameter, made of iron and wood, and weighs about one hundred pounds. Preliminary notice will be given through the papers when the regular daily dropping will commence.—*N. York Eng.*

The *Southern Literary Messenger*, for the present month, contains an unusual quantity of good reading. The opening article on Macaulay is written with ability and taste.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

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Portable Head-Rest.

Grey Utley, of North Carolina, has recently received a patent for a portable head rest for railroad cars and private use. It is a simple contrivance, convenient, and pleasant. Who can travel in the railroad coach for twenty-four hours without experiencing a fatigue requiring a week's rest to overcome? And what shall they do with their heads all this time to keep them perpendicular upon their shoulders. It is impossible, and yet there is no place upon which to recline them but sharp cornered seats or windows. The portable head-rest is just the remedy. We have tried it and we have loaned ours to a friend, who has also tried it. It is just the thing for ease and comfort. Letters to the patentee will reach him addressed to care Columbian Hotel, Richmond, Va.

Opposition Convention.

On Tuesday of this week, the oppositionists of the 5th District held a Convention to nominate delegates to the Baltimore convention.—Hon. John A. Gilmer was present and made a speech. Hon E. G. Reade and Jno Manning were appointed delegates to Baltimore. A. G. Foster was appointed elector for this district.

Failure of the Mail.

No Raleigh mail on Tuesday. We presume the Post Master was too slow for the train and consequently holds up all the northern mail in Raleigh for another 24 hours. As we go to press before another train will reach us, if it be any particular service to the Post Master, he can retain such news letters and newspapers as will be out of date before our next issue.

Charleston Convention.

The eye of the nation is turned upon the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention, now in session in Charleston, South Carolina. And indeed such conventions should be looked to with deep interest, for the happiness and continued prosperity of this government depend very much upon whom we place in the White House, and these national conventions, according to our custom, settle this question, at least to within very narrow limits, the choice being between three at most.

Of the aspirants, or perhaps it would be better language to say, of those put forward by their friends as candidates for the nomination, it is hard to guess who will be the successful competitor; a much easier work it would be to await and see the result.

We presume a national platform will be constructed and a national man placed upon it. Up to the time of making up our paper nothing has reached us of the proceedings.

Superior Court.

Guilford Superior Court is in session, Judge Bailey presiding. The cases commanding most attention, will be the State against Worth and others indicted in this county for circulating incendiary documents. It has been appointed to try Worth on Wednesday. We will give a full report next week.

The Lemmon Slave Case.

The history of this case is familiar to the whole public. Mr. Lemmon, on his way from Virginia to Texas, to which State he was emigrating, came with his slaves to N. York, to ship to Galveston, as the most direct and cheapest route. Under the law passed by the Republican Legislature of New York, in contravention of the Constitution, no Southern citizen, as now decided by the highest New York tribunal, can pass through that State with a servant of his own. The slaves of Mr. Lemmon were taken from him, against their will and hurried off to Canada. The Courts of New York, and, lately, the Court of Appeals of that State, to which tribunal the case was finally carried, have sustained the legality of this act under the State law of N. York, and thereby its constitutionality. The case now goes to the United States Supreme Court, where, of course, the law of New York will be pronounced unconstitutional.

The New York Democratic News thinks the effect of this decision of the New York Court of Appeals, as it now stands, must be disastrous in the extreme to Northern watering places, which can no longer be frequented by Southerners, and to Northern business. We are not so sure of that. It seems to require a great deal of choking and gouging to make us let go our hold of the fascinating North.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Choking and gouging! That's the Yankee trick for tickling our fancy. What care they for the criticisms of the press, so long as they can lead the people by their own nose to have their ears boxed and their pockets robbed. Teach a Yankee anything about making money!

Rev. Dr. Dyer, just elected Bishop of Kansas, is the editor of the Protestant Episcopal Quarterly.

Parson Beecher Indignant.

The New York Day Book permits the outsiders to take a peep into the Plymouth church wherein they see the following picture:

Henry Ward Beecher, who at first seemed rather taken aback by the Harper's Ferry affair and professed for a while considerable moderation, has at length got over his "scare," and, like all arrant cowards, after the danger is supposed to be over, gets wonderfully brave. Last Sunday week he got off the following "tremenjues" effort in his sermon:

"I have been a silent spectator—I think I have said little about it—of the desperate effort which has lately been made to get up another merchant fever. How many have been ashamed to honestly admit themselves to be anti-slavery men. Abolitionists! How many that drank in the drop of liberty with their mothers' milk, have, from an ignominious fear been attempting to curry favor with the South? These men are only fit to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot! They are salt without savor. They have lost function, in losing manhood. Do you suppose there could be pinned up in hell a more exquisite roll of infernal honor than that exhibited by those men I think there were some twelve hundred of them—who signed a petition to the Legislature asking them to permit southern slaveholders to bring their slaves into this State, for fear they should not be thought to be sound in favor of slavery—for fear they should lose custom and reputation? I do not know but what they will save their reputation, but as to saving their souls, I am afraid there is not much to save in that direction! If there is a doctrine of infinitesimals that is beyond any comprehension of mine. What dastards, what contemptible things wearing the form of men must they be who, outvieing Judas, make haste to sell their principles and their Master, without the pretence of any other temptation than that of saving a little pelf—and that, too, when they were rich enough to retire long ago! But it is comforting to think that there is some use in the worst of things! When things have become corrupted, they are, at any rate, good for manure, and let us hope that out of this reeking filth a more luxuriant harvest of virtue may spring up!

"I know these men. I have read their names. I have treasured them up. I have no feeling of revenge toward them. But there may come a time when I shall have something to say *about* them, and *to* them. I shall never foget that when I do speak under such circumstances, every word is to be a red-hot cannon ball! I will have nothing to do with them. My soul, go not in to their council! They are not merely cowards, but *perjured* cowards, every one of them; and some of them are apostates. They were educated to better things, and have gone back to apostacy, under the paltriness and bribery of interest!

"There is one thing that men ought to understand and that is, not only that integrity is safe in business, but that it is the *only* safety in business. A man that is infected in other respects besides his honesty, may not be safe merely because he is honest; but where a man has industry, and sagacity, and experience, if he has, added to these, moral principle, it will not only not stand in the way of, but it will immeasureably increase both his safety and his profits. And the man who from cowardice throws away moral principle, is not only a villain, but a fool. He cheats himself, as Judas did, who betrayed Christ for silver and got a halter."

All this vituperation and abuse are aimed at those respectable and worthy citizens of New York who not long since signed a memorial to the Legislature, asking that body to extend the privileges of comity and friendship to our Southern fellow citizens. This list is then an "infernal one," "hell has nothing like it" the signers "are pejured cowards, villains and fools," "red hot cannon balls are in store for them," &c., &c., &c. Now, is not this splendid language for a clergyman? And what calls out all this? Why, the simple fact that these men think that we should allow southern men to visit us with their servants, if they desire to do so without being molested. After getting off the above billingsgate Beecher extols Wendell Phillips, an avowed infidel, and blushes for his members because they refused to let him have their church to deliver a lecture in advocating the dissolution of the Union! He graciously tells them that he did not think he had "brought up" such a church. All this time his hearers crouch like so many whipped spaniels under the ecclesiastical lash. Talk of slaveholders at the South influencing public opinion by force. Why, there is nothing equal to the priesty denunciation of these Black Republican clergymen in all Christendom. They pour red hot vials of wrath upon every person who dares to break out of the traces of their despotism. The reign of terrorism is as complete as when every Puritan bowed before the scowl of Cotton Mather and when at his bidding they banished Quakers, whipped Baptists in the streets of Boston and hanged witches in Salem. The same spirit now ostracises every person who has independence enough to dissent from these ecclesiastical lords of the lash, who imperiously presume like Beecher and Cheever, "to deal damnation round the land."

BACKING DOWN.

We don't know upon what grounds the trustees denied the use of this tabernacle to the notorious Wendell Phillips to deliver there his address in favor of a dissolution of the Union, for which denial they have received the above denunication; but if it be upon that of desecration, we can scarcely conceive how Wendell Phillips could desecrate a church in the week-time, which Ward Beecher preaches in on Sundays. Nor do we perceive why it is any crime to recommend on a week day a dissolution of that which the Sunday discourses are designed to show is a league with death and hell. However this may be, Beecher, after denouncing his trustees as a set of cowards, had to take it all back the next Sunday and go humbly down on the marrow bones of repentance. His domineering attitude had caused a disturbance, the trustees were resigning, and subscriptions were being withheld from his new church. Accordingly, the next Sunday, he said: "I desire so far to retract the remarks of last Sunday evening as they bear upon the action of the trustees of this church." This wool in sheep's clothing will have a good deal besides to retract when he comes to settle his accounts at the last tribunal.

To Correspondents.

MABEL LANSING.—"The Dying Wife" and "To my Captive Bird" received with many thanks.

MATILDA.—Your letters are always refreshing and delightful—so fully pervaded with a happy spirit. We thank you sincerely for your continued favors.

R. C. R.—Your letter is received.

MRS M. D. WILLIAMS.—Your poems, "I'm weary now" and "Remember now, thy Creator," receive d.

SYBIL.—We will attend to your favors.

LOTTIE LINWOOD.—Letters of enquiry are reaching us from so many different sources as to the cause of your protracted silence. Can you not speak for yourself?

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

The following statement of ages of gentlemen who have been mentioned in connection with the Presidency, may be interesting to many readers.

	Years
Samuel Houston	67
James Guthrie	62
Charles O'Conor	60
Daniel S. Dickinson	60
Henry A. Wise	54
R. M. T. Hunter	50
Fernando Wood	48
Stephen Arnold Douglas	47
John C. Breckinridge	39
James L. Orr	38
Joseph Lane	58
James H. Hammond	52
Jefferson Davis	55
Alexander H. Stephens	48
James A. Bayard	60
Benjamin Fitzpatrick	58
George M Dallas	68
Franklin Pierce	56

OLIN HIGH SCHOOL.

The annual Examination of Olin High School, will take place on the 22d and 23d, May next.

Col. B. R. Moore, of Salisbury, will deliver the Annual Address.

Rev. Thomas E. Mann, of the N. C. Conference, will preach the annual sermon before the two Literary Societies.

It is reported that the Great Eastern will escort the Prince of Wales to Canada in June.

MARRIED.

In High Point, on the 17th inst., Mr. ALLEN MYRICK, of Watauga co., to Miss LOUISA L. COFFIN.

In Randolph county, on the 19th inst., Mr. WILLIAM T. KEARNES to Miss NANCY T. HALE.

In Winston, on the 19th inst., Mr. WM. NEDINGER to Miss CATHARINE A. HAYWORTH, of Guilford.

In Lincolnton, on the 18th inst., Mr. WM. TIDDY, Jr., of Charlotte, to Miss PATTIE A. RUMSILL.

In Asheville, on the 11th inst., Mr. JOHN D. HYMAN to Miss ELLEN PATTON, of Henderson.

In Anson county, on the 14th inst., Mr. J. D. BULLARD to Miss L. E. TURNER.

In Yorkville, S. C., on the 17th inst., Rev. W. W. RATCHFORD, of Gaston co., N. C., to Miss MARY C. SMITH.

In Wilson, on the 16th inst., Mr. RO. P. LOWRY to Miss MARY E. MARTIN, both of Manchester, Va.

In Chester District, S. C., on the 29th March, Col. H. J. PRIDE to Miss JULIA BECKHAM. On the 12th inst., Capt. IRA PRESSLY to Miss MARTHA ANN DARBY.

In Danville, Va., on the 11th inst., Mr. W. L. CHEATHAM to Miss SUE LUCAS.

In Pittsylvania county, Va., on the 5th inst., Mr. WM. T. CHUMLEY to Miss ELIZA E. DOSS.

Near Chuckatuck, Va., on the 19th inst., Mr. ISHMAEL JOHNSON, of Isle of Wight county, to Miss CATHARINE WHITEHEAD.

DIED.

In Randolph county, on the 15th inst., Miss NANCY L. SWAFFORD; aged 16 years.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 11th inst., Mr. C. T. MCLURE; aged 28 years.

In Macon county, on the 9th inst., Rev. JOHN E. MCPHERSON; aged 54 years.

In York District, S. C., on the 19th inst., Mr. JESSE K. ARMSTRONG; aged 63 years.

In Isle of Wight county, Va., on the 27th March, Mrs. SALLIE PRUDEN; aged about 32 years.

On the 8th inst., at the N. C. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, Miss BETTIE HUGHES RAY, of Graham, Alamance county; aged about 11 years.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.

APRIL 25.

Bacon 12@13c, beef 5@6c, beeswax 25c, butter 15c, coffee 00@16c; candles, tallow 20@25c, adamantine 25@30c, sperm 40@45c; corn 100c, meal 100c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 8c, feathers 40c, flour $5@6, flaxseed 80c; hides, green 5c, dried 10c; hay 50c, lard 12½@15c, molasses 40c, nails 5½@6¼, oats 45@50c; peas, yellow 90c, white $1; pork $8, rags 2½c, rice 7c, salt $2 25@2 50; sugar, brown 10@12½c, loaf 15c, crushed 15c, clarified 14c; tallow 12½@15c, wheat 1.10@1.20.

Mobile Market.

APRIL 19.

Sales of Cotton to-day 3500 bales; Middling 10¼c, dull.

Norfolk Market.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants.

APRIL 19.

FLOUR—Family 7.00, Extra 6.50, Superfine 6.00. Receipts are very fair from North Carolina and other sources. The sales are made for consumption and shipment, for cash at our quotations.

WHEAT—Red and White 1.25@1.50.

CORN—Mixed 71c, White 74c., Yellow 74@75c. Arrivals have fallen off. The supply is not as full as usual, it being seeding time with farmers.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples 1.30@1.40; Peaches ₱ bu. 40 lbs. 3.00@4.00 for peeled, 2.00@2.50 for unpeeled. In fair supply. All kinds are dull.

PEAS—B Eye 1.00@1.10. They are dull of sale.

COTTON—7½@10¾c.

FLAXSEED—1.25@1.30.

BACON—Western Shoulders 9c, Sides 11c.

EGGS—In barrels, 12c ₱ doz.

BEESWAX—30@32c.

STAVES—Red Oak, hhd. $31, White hhd. $40, heading $32, hhd. $28. Wanted and sell on arrival.

Wilmington Market.

APRIL 23.

Turpentine—hard 1.55 ₱ 280 lbs. Spirits Turpentine—11c ₱ gal. Rosin—low No 1.27½ ₱ bbl; common 1.35 ₱ 280 lbs.—Tar 1.05 ₱ bbl. Corn—78½c ₱ bu. Oats—40½c. Salt 75c ₱ sack.

New York Market.

APRIL 21.

FLOUR—Southern is buoyant at 6.35@6.40.

WHEAT—Southern red 1.40.

CORN—Mixed 75c. Yellow 76c.

PORK—Mess 17.50@17.93.

New Orleans Market.

APRIL 19.

Cotton market quiet. Sales 10,000 bales. Sugar steady, 6¼@7¼c. Flour firm, $5¾@5¾. Freight on Cotton to Liverpool ⅞.

Richmond Market.

APRIL 19.

BACON—Sides 10½c, shoulders 8¼c.

CORN—75@80c ₱ bush. Market dull.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples 1.00@1.20. Dull.

FLAXSEED—1.25@1.40 ₱ bushel.

PEAS—B Eye 1.00 ₱ bushel.

TOBACCO—inferior logs 1.25@2.00, good and fine $2.50@3.00, inferior leaf 3.50@4.00, good 5.50@6.50, common stemming 4.50@5.50, good 6.50@7.50, fine 9.50@10.50.

WHEAT—good to prime red 1.30@1.35, do white 1.55@1.60.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

AGUE CURE.—This is something of a science as well as medicine. The supreme difficulty of the science is to accomplish its end without injury to the health—the supreme excellence of the medicine is in accomplishing just that. Fever and Ague has long been cured by Quinine, Arsenic, Bismuth, Mercury, but the mischief was, the deep and often painful footprints they have left on the constitutions treated by them. DR. AYER'S new remedy cures without a particle of either of these or any other deliterious substance. And he promises not only absolute safety but perfect certainty of cure, with which we may mention another quality of excellence not to be overlooked in these times, and that is his low price, which puts this crowning glory of his art within the reach of all.—*Herald, Lake Co., Ind.*

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. Sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro. march24-2m

NEW ADTISEMENTS.

THE TIMES has an increasing circulation throughout the South and Southwest, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A few select advertisements only will be admitted, at ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisements standing six or twelve months a deduction of 50 per cent. will be made. Advertisers not specifying the number of insertions, the advertisement will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.

J. F. JOLLEE, at Winbourne & Witty's old stand, is now receiving and opening his stock of SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GROCERIES, &c., which he will sell cheap for cash, or to punctual customers on a short credit. A call is solicited from both ladies and gentlemen before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same. apr21-tf J. F. JOLLEE.

HOOP SKIRTS.—Hoop Skirts, of the best material, from 15c. upwards. apr14-tf LANDECKER & KLINE.

AT COST FOR CASH.—The subscriber having bought the entire interest of J. A AMIS in the firm of COLE & AMIS, now offers his entire stock of DRY GOODS at cost for cash. feb11-tf B. L. COLE

WALKING CANES AND UMBRELLAS, at wholesale and retail. For sale low by O. S. BALDWIN. mrh31-6w No. 34 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

SOMETHING NEW.—Misses', boy's, youth's and children's Boots and Shoes with metalic tips. One pair will last as long as two or three of the ordinary make. 41-tf J. F. BOONE.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—I will sell a tract of land, containing five acres, lying on the Hillsboro road, about 1½ miles from Greensboro, on Tuesday of May court. Sale at the court-house door, at 1 o'clock. It is unimproved wood land, and very valuable to persons living in town. Terms made known on day of sale. mrh31-4t POLLY BANNER.

S. ARCHER & CO., would again call the attention of their old friends and customers and the rest of mankind, to their UNRIVALLED STOCK —OF— FASHIONABLE SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING, which has been selected with their usual care, and especially adapted to the wants of this community, and at PRICES SO LOW AS TO DEFY COMPETITION! Our Stock is complete and large and comprises the LATEST STYLES of PANTS, COATS and VESTS; a superb stock of PLAIN and FANCY TIES, SHIRTS, DRAWERS, HATS, SHOES, PISTOLS, PERFUMERY, &c., &c. We have Goods to suit the purses of all. Whole Suits at $2.75 and upwards. We were never better prepared, either in price or assortment to give general satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage. apr14

BALDWIN'S GREAT METROPOLITAN TRUNK MANUFACTORY.—$5,000 worth of Sole Leather TRAVELING TRUNKS, made to order, and warranted superior to any others in the market, at ten per cent. advance from manufacturer's prices, now landing from various schooners.

LADIES' TRUNKS, (a new style—the latest French novelty,) the most completely arranged ever introduced in any market.

The very latest style of ENGLISH RETICULE. No lady will do without one after she has seen them.

One hundred nests of PACKING TRUNKS, at manufacturer's prices, $1 25 and upwards.

TRUNKS AT WHOLESALE.—We can offer extraordinary inducements to Country Merchants. Our large sales and exclusive agency enables us to offer the greatest bargains to the trade.

A large variety of Trunks for boys and misses. Those who may be going off to school can be supplied at very low prices.

☞ Trunks shipped free of charge for drayage, and sent to any part of the city free of charge.

O. S. BALDWIN, mrh31-6w No. 38 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The Steamship Arago, from Southampton, with dates to the 3d inst., has arrived.

She brings news of a revolutionary movement in Spain. General Oratago, with three thousand men, has proclaimed Don Carlos King.

Warrants had been issued against Sayers and Heenan, prize fighters, to keep the peace for a year, and it is stated they were arrested and thus prevented from fighting.

LATER.

PORTLAND, April 19.—The steamship North American, from Liverpool on the 11th inst, arrived to-day.

Shocking revelations are made relative to the Coolie trade from the Southern ports of China, the information being derived from the depositions of one hundred and five men, taken from the Coolie receiving ships Inquiry into the matter had been ordered by the Allied (French and English) Commander-in-Chiefs. Three Coolie ships, two American and one an Oldenburg bark, had been stopped with cargoes. The Coolies had been kidnapped, and a nominal consent to an eight years' servitude in Cuba wrung from them by the most horrible torture.

ITALY.

NAPLES, April 4.—Factions persons had attacked the troops at Palermo, but had been dispersed and the city was tranquil.

SPAIN.

MADRID, April 4.—When the troops under Gen. Ortiga found they had been deceived as to his object, they refused to March, and gave loud shouts of "Long live the Queen." Ortiga fled, pursued by his own troops. The troops had made their submission to the Queen, and perfect tranquility reigned throughout Spain.

All the deputies at Madrid had joined in an address of congratulation to the Queen.

SWITZERLAND.

The National Council, by a vote of 106 against 3, and the Council of State unanimously, have voted the extraordinary powers demanded by the Federal Government.

HUNTING IN THE WEST.

Three hunters from Kansas, says the St. Louis Bulletin, lately returned from a month's hunt on the Arkansas river, bringing with them the skins of three hundred and seven wolves. Another party of twelve, in two months' time, secured over two thousand skins. The skins are worth one dollar apiece.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE IN N. C.

The Spirit of the Age states that there are, at the present time, about four thousand Sons of Temperance in North Carolina.

SAMBO IN A TIGHT BOX.

On Saturday, the agent of the Adams Express Company, at Nashville, received a box marked "Hannah M. Thompson, care of Levi Coffin, Ohio. Weight 265 pounds," The agent, unsuspicious, gave the proper receipt for the freight, and despatched the box in the fast line. All went well until the train reached Seymour, when the box burst open, and out dropped a two hundred pound *chattel* more dead than alive. Darkey and box were handed over to the agent at Seymour, and returned "from whence they came," the way-bill being checked "*Nigger short.*" Yesterday morning Mr. Coffin called for his box, and the clerk questioned him closely as to its contents, but he "didn't know a thing; couldn't guess what was in it." Be careful, friend Levi; thee musn't tell *fibs* —*Cincinnati Commercial.*

MELANCHOLY DEATH.

On Thursday evening last, as a lad named Wm. J. Atkinson, son of Wm. Atkinson, of Milwaukee, Wis., aged about nine years, was playing in Tucker's planing mill, some article of his dress came in contact with the shaft, which whirled him around at the rate of 120 revolutions a minute, and he was literally crushed to atoms, his body being scattered over the mill in fragments.

A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.

Said a young lady, who was fashionably educated at the boarding-schools, and indulged in idleness at home, so that there was neither strength or elasticity in her frame, "I used to be so feeble that I could not even raise a broom, and the least physical exertion would make me ill for a week. One sweeping day I went bravely to work, cleaning thoroughly the parlors, three chambers, the front stairs and hall, after which I lay down and rested until noon, when I arose and eat a heartier meal than for many a day. Since that time I have occupied some portion of every day in active domestic labor, and not only are all my friends congratulating me upon my improved appearance, but in my whole being—mind, body and spirit—do experience a wonderful vigor, to which I have hitherto been a stranger. Young ladies, try my Catholicon."

A HUMANE INSTITUTION.

We learn that there is now in course of erection at Capt Palmas, Liberia, a stone building for an hospital, where provision is to be made for seamen, colonists and natives.—Cape Palmas is a very suitable locality for such an institution, on account of its easy access.—Nearly all vessels make the Cape in going up and down the west coast of Africa. About five hundred American colonists live there and three thousand natives live in the immediate neighborhood. The Baptists, Methodists and Episcopalians have churches in the settlement, but yet there is no place for the sick or victim of accident. To meet this want the hospital is being erected. Two physicians have offered their services gratuitously.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Miscellaneous.

1860. SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. 1860.

A. WEATHERLY begs leave to inform his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he has received his stock of spring and summer Rich and Fashionable DRY GOODS, to the inspection of which he invites the public. Our Ladies' Dress Goods consists of a full, complete and fashionable assortment of all kinds of Dress Goods now in market, and a variety of Fancy Articles too numerous to mention, Hoop Skirts, Ready Made Clothing, a good assortment of Boots and Shoes of the latest and best styles. Also, an assortment of Groceries and Hardware.

As goods are generally cheap this spring, we hope to give satisfaction to all who may call. mch24-tf

TO THE LADIES.—A. WEATHERLY informs the Ladies of Greensboro and vicinity, that he has opened, in addition to his stock of Dry Goods, a MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT, in his building, the office formerly occupied by the Farmer's Bank, two doors above his store, and one above Porter & Gorrell's. Our stock consists of the newest and latest styles of Ladies' Bonnets—crape, lace, straw, hair, chip, braid, and in fact every variety of bonnets; Mourning Bonnets always on hand. Misses' and Children's Hats and Flats, Shaker Hoods, Head-dresses, Ribbons, Ruches, Flowers, &c.

Having secured the services of Mrs. W. S. MOORE, a lady of much experience and great taste, also having made arrangements with a Fashionable Milliner in New York to supply Bonnets during the season, we hope to please all, even the most fastidious. Mrs. MOORE will always be found at the above establishment, where Bonnets will be trimmed in the latest styles and on the shortest notice. mh24tf

CHAIR FACTORY IN GUILFORD. A. P. LEDBETTER, near New Garden, is manufacturing Chairs of the best quality, fine or plain. Orders are respectfully solicited. 3w.

DOUBLE REFINED STEAM CANDIES.—My factory is now complete, and by far the largest establishment of the kind south of Philadelphia, which enables me to offer to the trade of VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, and TENNESSEE. An article of city made Steam Refined Crushed Sugar Candy. Warranted to stand in any climate. Much below the Northern price for an article of like standard.

LOUIS J. BOSSIEUX.
mrh31-6m No. 80 Main st., Richmond, Va.

MILITARY GOODS, OF ALL KINDS, can be purchased at my store at N. York prices. Entire UNIFORMS for Companies made to order. Swords, Belts, Sashes, and complete equipments, at shortest notice, furnished by O. S. BALDWIN.
mrh31-6w No. 38 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

Musical.

HORACE WATERS, AGENT, 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Publisher of Music and Music Books, dealer in Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Violins, Violincellos, Accordeons, Flutinas, Flutes, Fifes, Clarionetts, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers, Violin Bows, best Italian Strings, Brass Instruments for bands, Piano Stools and Covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

SHEET MUSIC, from all the publishers in the United States; Bertini's Huntip's and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments; Church Music Books; Music elegantly bound. Music Paper, and all kinds of Music Merchandise, at the lowest prices.

NEW PIANOS, at $175, $200, $250, and up to $800; Second Hand Pianos from $25 up to $100; New Melodeons, $45, $60, $75, $100, and up to $200; Second Hand Melodeons, from $30 to $80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, $250, $275 and $300, fifteen stops, $320 and $375. A liberal discount to Clergymen, Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

Testimonials of the Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons.

"The Piano came to hand, and in first-rate order. It is a beautiful instrument, and no mistake."—*Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.*

John Howitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:

"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her. She likes the one you sold me in December, 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place, and I think I can introduce one or two more; they will be more popular than any other make."

"We have two of Waters' Pianos in use in our Seminary, one of which has been severely tested for three years, and we can testify to their good quality and durability."—*West & Gregory, Mount Carroll, Ill.*

"H. WATERS, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Having used one of your Piano-Fortes for two years past, I have found it a very *superior instrument.*"—*Alonzo Gray, Principal Brooklyn Heights Seminary.*

"TOMA, N. Y., August 5, 1858.—HORACE WATERS, Esq.—*Sir:* The Melodeon you sent me was duly received in good order. I am now fully prepared to say that the instrument is *highly satisfactory*; and I beg you will accept my thanks for the very liberal terms on which you furnished it, and for the very honorable manner in which you have fulfilled, and *more* than fulfilled, all that you promised. Very respectfully yours, &c.—*J. L. Smith.*"

"The Piano I received from you continues to give satisfaction. I regard it as one of the best instruments in the place."—*James L. Carkson, Charlestown, Va.*

"The Melodeon has safely arrived. I feel obliged to you for your liberal discount—will do all I can for you in these parts."—*Rev. J. M. McCormick, Yorkville, S. C.*

"The Piano was duly received. It came in excellent condition, and is very much admired by my numerous family. Accept my thanks for your promptness."—*Robert Cooper, Warrenton, Bradford co., Pa.*

"Your Piano pleases us well. It is the best one in our county."—*Thomas A. Lentham, Campbellton, Ga.*

"We are very much obliged to you for having sent such a fine instrument for $250, and we shall take pains to recommend it."—*Brank, Held & Co., Buffalo Democrat.*

"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality."—*New York Evangelist.*

"We can speak of the merits of the Horace Waters Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"The Horace Waters Pianos are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material. We have no doubt that buyers can do as well, perhaps better, at this than at any other house in the Union."—*Advocate and Journal.*

"Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—*Home Journal.*

"Horace Waters' Piano-Fortes are of full, rich and even tone, and powerful."—*New York Musical Review.*

"Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of Music and of Pianos to be found in the United States, and we may urge our Southern and Western friends to give him a call whenever they go to New York. *Graham's Magazine.* jan28-1ot.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, AND ORGANS.—The Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons, for depth, purity of tone and durability, are unsurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second Hand Pianos and Melodeons, from $25 to $150.

TESTIMONIALS.—"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best."—*Evangelist.* "We can speak of their merits from personal knowledge."—*Christian Intel.* "Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—*Home Jour.*

HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28-22t. 333 Broadway, New York.

SABBATH SCHOOL BELL—151,000 ISSUED IN THIRTEEN MONTHS!—The unprecedented sale of this Book has induced the publishers to add some 50 new tunes and hymns to its present size, without extra charge, except on the cheap edition. Among the many beautiful tunes and hymns added, may be found: "I ought to love my mother;" "Oh, I'll be a good child, indeed I will." These, and eight others from the Bell, were sung at the Sunday School Anniversary of M. E. Church, at the Academy of Music, with great applause. The Bell contains nearly 200 tunes and hymns, and is one of the best collections ever issued. Price 12c; $10 per hundred, postage 2c.; bound 25c., $15 per 100, postage 4c. Elegantly bound, embossed gilt, 25c.; $20 per 100. *It has been introduced into many of the Public Schools.*

The Bell is published in small numbers, entitled Anniversary and Sunday School Music Books, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in order to accommodate the million; price $2 and $3 per 100. No. 5 will soon be issued—commencement of another book. Also, Revival Music Books, Nos. 1 and 2, price $1 and $2 per 100, postage 1c. More than 300,000 copies of the above books have been issued the past eighteen months, and the demand is rapidly increasing.—Published by HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28-1ot. 333 Broadway, N. Y.

For sale at the South-Western Sunday School Union, 197 Camp street, New Orleans.

ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK No. 5, contains fifty tunes and hymns, mostly new, just what is wanted for Sabbath-School Anniversaries, Christmas Festivals, Concerts, Revival Meetings and New-Year's Greetings. Among the many beautiful may be found "Happy Christmas Morn," "Music of Angels," cantata, "Announcement of the Saviour's Birth," "Pleasant Sabbath-School," "Rouse, thee, Child of Heaven," "Sorrow shall come again no more," "Bethlehem Star," "Bright Happy New-Year," "Don't you hear the Angels Coming?" "Be kind to the loved ones at Home." Price 5c.; $3 per 100, postage 1c.

HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28-22t. 333 Broadway, N. Y.

Dry Goods, &c.

1860 SPRING AND SUMMER. 1860

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING STORE.—The subscriber has made up the largest stock of superior CLOTHING ever exhibited south of Baltimore. There is no establishment in South Carolina, North Carolina, or Virginia, can show you a more desirable stock. The COATS, PANTS and VESTS ARE EQUAL TO CUSTOM WORK, and the style adopted is the newest Paris patterns—being entirely unlike "slop shop" trash usually offered ready made. We sell no garment that we cannot warrant perfect, as to workmanship, cut and style.

A gentleman may drop into our house, and in a few minutes be handsomely fitted out to a Sunday suit, or a business suit, as fine as can be made to measure, and save TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. by so doing.

Those who prefer garments made to measure are informed that we have the BEST CUTTER in the country, and keep the largest assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS in the State—especially for ordered work. Gentlemen, it will pay you to patronize

BALDWIN.
mrh31-6w No. 38 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

BOOTS AND SHOES, CHEAP.—I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of ladies', gentlemen's, misses', boy's, youth's and children's Shoes and Gaiters, of EVERY VARIETY, STYLE AND PRICE; Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calf-skins, and Shoe-findings of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash. 41-tf J. B. F. BOONE.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA. Look here, friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the county agent, for their new, large and magnificent MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her fields and flowers. If you want this Golden Prize, now is the time. The map is seven feet by five, with border views of the Statehouse, insane asylum, Chapel Hill, male and female colleges, &c.; and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal. PEARCE & BEST.
tf Hillsboro, N. C.

1860.....NEW STORE.....1860

LANDECKER & KLINE, would call the attention of the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity to the fact that they have opened a new store at Yates' old stand, where they will keep constantly on hand a large stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, which have been selected with great care, and which they will sell at prices which defy competition. Their Stock comprises a large assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, consisting in part of Black and Fancy Silks, Foulard Silks, Valencias, Poil de Chevreur, Poplins, Organdies, Muslins, Jaconetts, Barreges, with trimmings to correspond; together with a beautiful assortment of Ginghams, Calicoes, Homespuns, Shirtings, &c. We would invite the attention of the ladies to our magnificent stock of White Goods, French and Swiss needle-worked Collars and Sleeves, French Bands, Children's Waists, Mitts, Lace Points, Mantillas, Dusters, French Flowers, Ribbons, Head-Dresses, and all the Novelties of the Season, which were imported by our connected house in New York, and at prices which cannot fail to please; in fact we can say that we have everything that is kept in a Dry Goods Store, and that we are able to sell goods lower than any other house in this section of country. Call and examine our stock and judge for yourselves if you will not save money by purchasing your goods of us. Our motto is, "large sales and small profits."

We have also on hand a large stock of Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers with and without heels, for ladies' and gentlemen's wear, misses' and children's Shoes, all of the best make, and cheaper than ever offered in this place.
apr14-tf LANDECKER & KLINE.

BROGANS.

Best double sole Brogans	$1 50
Good double sole Brogans	1 25
Good single Brogans	1 00

For sale at 41-tf J. F. BOONE'S

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The firm of COLE & AMIS is this day dissolved by mutual consent. February 1st, 1860.
feb14-tf COLE & AMIS.

PISTOLS—Of all the approved styles, and for sale at prices twenty five per cent. lower than is generally asked for them. We have agencies, and sell ten per cent. advance from manufacturer's prices,
O. S. BALDWIN.
mrh31-6w No. 38 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

INDIA-RUBBER BELTS.—I intend to keep constantly on hand India-Rubber Belts of all sizes, and at the following prices:

2 inch 3 ply	12½ cents per foot
2½ inch 3 ply	15 cents per foot
3 inch 3 ply	17 cents per foot
4 inch 3 ply	22 cents per foot
5 inch 3 ply	27 cents per foot
6 inch 3 ply	32 cents per foot
7 inch 3 ply	38 cents per foot
8 inch 3 ply	42 cents per foot
10 inch 3 ply	60 cents per foot
12 inch 3 ply	72 cents per foot

tf J. B. F. BOONE.

1860.....SPRING STOCK.....1860

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY. The subscriber has received, and begs to call the attention of wholesale dealers to his splendid stock of Confectioneries, Fruits, Nuts, Fancy Goods, Pickles, Preserves, Brandy Peaches, Cordials, Syrups, Sardines, Soda, Nutmegs, Scotch Ale, London Porter, Matches, Blacking, Perfumery, Soaps, Playing Cards, Baskets, Musical Instruments, Toys, Matches, Porte Monnaies, &c., &c., &c. Also, a large variety of Notions, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrivals of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New York.

☞Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed. A. BUTTS, Jr.,
(Successor to S. H. MARKS.)
march24-1y No. 82 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

Medical.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA, a benevolent institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with virulent and epidemic diseases.

In times of epidemics it is the object of this institution to establish hospitals, to provide nurses, physicians, clothing, food, medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of epidemics, the Directors have authorized the consulting surgeon to give medical advice *gratis* to all persons suffering under chronic diseases of a virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, maltreatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise; and, in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish medicines free of charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of chronic diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various reports and tracts on the nature and treatment of chronic diseases, by the consulting surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *free of charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for report or treatment, Dr. J. SKILLON HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.
GEORGE FAIRCHILD, Secretary. june11-1y

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH Cancers, Asthma, Scrofula, or any skin disease, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some of which were given up as hopeless by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure anyone of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is incredulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine sent by mail.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS.
tf Greensboro, N. C.

Medical.

Bilas' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bilas' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bilas' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bilas' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bilas' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bilas' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bilas' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bilas' Dyspeptic Remedy
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
100,000 Packages
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Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
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Female Complaints;
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
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It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
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AND PERMANENTLY,
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AND PERMANENTLY
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., PROPRIETORS, 363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY WILLIAM R. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

HYMN.

Come, let us thank and praise our God,
Though poor our service be.
He bids us thank Him, claims our praise,
For good and kind is He.

Jesus, we bless Thee for Thy love,
Thy life so freely given.
Thy precious blood, Thy saving grace,
Thy promised rest in heaven.

Thou art the King of Glory! Lord,
We praise Thy glorious name:
Oh, let our lives, from day to day,
Thy grace and truth proclaim.

Lord, teach and quicken all our minds
Thy wondrous love to see,
And so constrain us, more and more,
To love and follow Thee.

So may our hearts within us burn
To tell of Jesus' blood,
'Till all men everywhere shall learn
To praise their Saviour God.

SECRET PRAYER.

Mary L. was a thoughtful little girl. She liked very much to sit on her mother's lap, or to hang across her knee, and listen to anything she had to tell her. Sometimes she talked herself, and asked questions about what she had seen or heard. Now and then the blushes came because her brothers were apt to smile at her ignorance, and occasionally the tears would start when the conversation was very serious or affecting. When she read the Bible she was very ready to believe all she saw in it, and she took it all exactly as it was written, (or literally as people say,) so that sometimes she found it very difficult to do exactly what she supposed God required.

One day a few remarks had been made on secret prayer, and Mary said, "Mother, may I ask you something? I want to know why God wishes us to pray in a closet. I have tried it a great many times, but it is much easier to pray in a room; for when I am in the closet I always think about being there, or the darkness, or something, so that I almost forget what I was going to say. I cannot understand why God wishes us to pray in a closet. Can you tell me?

"God does not mean, my dear, that we should go into a closet more than into a room, but only that we should be in private, where others cannot observe us nor disturb us. You recollect that the Pharisees prayed to be seen of men; and you know too it is very difficult when people are about us to keep our thoughts from wandering."

"Oh yes, mother," said Mary, "I know it is so for me, but I did not think your thoughts would wander. If I hear a bell ring, or the window rattle, it does so disturb me; and sometimes the baby wakes up, or jogs the cot, and then I cannot go on at all. It is such a trouble. I wish to help it, but I cannot."

"Mary," said her mother, "the way to help it is to be more in earnest. When you want me to give you anything, or to help you very much,—the baby's crying, or the window's rattling, does not put it out of your mind, does it?"

"No, mother I hardly hear them, I suppose."

"Do you not recollect that poor hungry boy yesterday, how he kept on begging over and over again till we got home, and I told Fanny to give him some dinner? He did not forget, for he was so hungry."

"I know he did not."

"Well, when we thus hunger and thirst after the blessings God has promised in his word, trifles will not so easily disturb nor discourage us."

"But, mother," said Mary, "I do not always known how to say what I mean; I cannot make such prayers as father does. It puzzles me so to make them right, and they seem such nonsense. Cousin James's prayers are a great deal longer, and they fit in just as if he were reading, don't they?"

"You must recollect, Mary, that God looks at the heart, and sees our desire: if there is no real desire, there is no true prayer; but there is shure to be true prayer when there is a real desire. I once knew a little boy who encouraged his sister to pray, by telling her that Jesus Christ set our foolish prayers to rights, just as you sometimes tell me what the baby wants, when you think I do not understand him."

"Oh!" said Mary, "I like that."

"Yes, my child, it is so very kind in the Saviour; and you know it is said he taught his disciples to pray when they asked him. He is just the same now that he was then and we need not be afraid because he is in heaven.'

"Should you not like, mother, to have heard Jesus Christ pray himself?" Her mother said yes; and after talking a little more, Mrs. G. told Mary she might bring the Testament, and they would read together the Redeemer's last prayer with his disciples. It is in the seventeenth chapter of John's gospel.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

SO WE GO.

Reader, did you ever notice immediately after the 'marriage head,' that the 'obituary' notice followed. Typical of the wedding of happiness and grief in this life. The chants, song and glee, of merry ones to-day, will be broken by wails to-morrow, for the sod will be piled on the breasts of some we thought not so near the grave. We read who are married and wish them joy: a line below is the record of death, and we say mournfully, peace to their ashes. Sorrow treads on the heels of joy: songs are hushed by the foot fall of death. Laughs are broken rudely: voices no matter how musical, are stilled in a moment.

"I TOLD YOU SO."

An old woman, who was in the habit of declaring after the occurrence of any unusual event, that she had predicted it, was one day very cleverly 'sold' by her worthy spouse, who, like others we wot of, had got tired of hearing her eternal 'I told you so.'

Rushing into the house breathless with excitement, he dropped into a chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed:

"Oh wife! wife!—what do you think! The old brindle cow has gone and eat up our grindstone!"

The old woman was ready: and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs:

"I told you so, you old fool! I told you so! You always would let it stand out of doors!"

LOVER'S PUZZLE.

To read the following, so as to make good sense is a mystery:

I thee read see that me.
Love is down will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and up and you if

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1784, passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That no member of the Legislature will be allowed to come to the House barefooted, or eat his bread and cheese on the steps."

The Rev. Dr. C——, of Philadelphia, is noted for brief, sensatious sayings in the pulpit and out of it. As he was coming down Chestnut street, the other day, a gentleman asked him:

"Sir, can you tell me how to find the Sheriff's office?"

"Yes," was the reply, "*every time you earn five dollars spend ten.*"

Saying this, the Doctor walked on, leaving his questioner gaping upon the sidewalk.

The widow of a celebrated musician had inscribed upon his monument: "He is gone where only his music can be excelled." The widow of a protechnist saw this, and had inscribed on her husband's tomb: "He is gone where only his *fireworks* can be excelled."

The following is a specimen of the "badly mixed" condition of our pronunciation. The same combination of letters is made to have six different sounds:

"Wife, make me some dumplings of *dough*,
They are better than meat for my *cough*:
Pray let them be boiled till hot *through*,
But not till they're heavy and *tough*.
Now, I must be off to my *plough*,
And the boys, when they've had *enough*,
Must keep off the flies with a *bough*,
While the old mare drinks at the *trough*."

"Can you tell me," asked a blooming lass, to a suitor one day, "what ship carries more passengers than the Great Eastern?" "Well, madam, really I don't think I can." "Why, it is *court-ship!*" replied the maiden, with a conscious blush.

Ike came home from school very much agitated because he could not understand the principles of Allegation, laid down in Greenleaf.

"There, dear," said Mrs. Partington, "don't fret about it; you must tell the teacher that you ain't no Alligator, and I know he'll relinquish you."

An Irish gentleman lately said to another: "I called to see your family but they were not at home; and I suppose they had gone to ride in a carriage which was standing at the door."

A henpecked husband writes: "Before marriage I fancied wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterwards I found out that it was all moonshine."

"Pat, you fool, why do you steal after that rabbit in that manner, when your gun has no lock on it?"

"Hush! ye spalpeen—be jabers, the rabbit don't know it."

"Hold your tongue for a fool!" was the polite recommendation of an Irish husband.—"Sure, then, you are going to speak yourself!" was the equally polite reply of the wife.

A writer of sporting articles called at his printer's, and complained that they were not punctuated, when the typo replied, "I'm not a *pointer*—I'm a *setter*."

At what time of day was Adam created?—A little before Eve.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

A VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.

We were shown, a few days since, a most curious little specimen of vegetable development, and one which we have never seen anything like. A gentleman residing at Lawrence Mass., was recently passing home from his work, and seeing some fine large Pellfleur apples, made a purchase of a few which he thought were most suitable for present eating. On cutting one of them through the center, he discovered that the little seed cells were wanting in it, and that there was instead a nicely formed conoidal cavity of nearly an inch in diameter, containing as the only inhabitant a *perfectly formed little leaf*, apparently as flourishing as if it had grown upon the outer branches.—*Scientific American.*

CRANBERRIES.

At a recent meeting of the American Institute, the Secretary stated the Jesse C. Young showed him a receipt for one hundred and fifty-six dollars, the net result of one third of an acre of the sembook land of Long Island, cultivated in cranberries. This is the third year. He says: The soil is a sandy loam, the sand quite coarse. We have to sink our wells fifty-seven feet to get water just where the cranberries grow. The vines were taken from the swamps on the island, where they grow wild. I set my vines in drills, thirty inches apart, and about ten or twelve inches apart in the drills, and kept them clear by hand weeding, using no manure. I set my vines at any time in the Fall or Spring, when convenient. I am planting them at this time.

CLEANING GLASSES AND CAPSULES.

When these vessels are encrusted with organic matter that resists ordinary means of removal it is recommended to moisten the spots with sulphuric acid, and sprinkle them with powdered bichromate of potash, which in the course of a few hours enables them to be washed clean.

MOMENTUM.

This term is used in mechanics to signify the force of percussion, or the intensity of a moving body, and this is always equal to the quantity of matter multiplied into the velocity. Thus, a ball of four pounds weight moving at the rate of eighteen feet in a second, has double the momentum of a ball weighing three pounds, moving at the rate of twelve feet in a second, for 4x18 is double 3x12.

TURBINE WATER WHEELS.

The experiments which have been progressing for several months at the Fairmount Water Works, of Philadelphia, with various turbine water wheels are about being brought to a close, after the trial of some sixteen different models. The experiments have proven beyond a doubt that the wheels produced by American manufacturers and inventors excel all others that have been introduced from foreign countries. A wheel of this kind of 125 horse power will, it is calculated, pump six millions of gallons of water per day, with a fall of water from eight to fourteen feet.

GOLD VARNISH.

A very beautiful and permanent gold varnish may be prepared in the following manner 2 ounces, of the best garancine are digested in a glass vessel with 6 ounces of alcohol, of spec. grav. 0.838, for twelve hours, pressed and filtered. A solution of clear orange colored shellac in similar alcohol, is also prepared, filtered, and evaporated until the lac has the consistence of a clear syrup; it is then colored with the tincture of garancine. Objects coated with this have a color which only differs from that of gold by a slight brown tinge. The color may be more closely assimilated to that of gold by the addition of a little tincture of saffron.

A NEW STEAM PROPELLER.

An English gentleman has devised a new kind of steamboat, which, in addition to a screw-propeller acting from behind, is to have a screw prow rotating in front, and gimbleting through the water. The inventor expects great results from this extraordinary scheme, but we apprehend he will find it difficult to communicate his enthusiasm to other persons.

Pure oxyd of zinc, used as a paint, is not poisonous, as we understand it, therefore it is not hurtful to the system like white lead. But then, almost all zinc ores contain arsenic, and unless this is expelled in making the oxyd for paint, it (the paint) will be more poisonous than white lead.

In 1718 patents were granted to Savery for the first application of the steam-engine.

The mold on decayed fruit, stale bread, moist wood, etc., is shown by the microscope to be plants, bearing leaves, flowers and seeds and increasing with incredible rapidity.

Glucose is made in large quantities from potatoes, in France and England and has as fine and crystalline an appearance as any sugar.

Cleopatra's Needle, which was presented to the British Government years ago, lies in a ditch, where it fell, near Alexandria.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S.——J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson; and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. 6-1y

GEORGE W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. 105-4f

GEORGE T. WHITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Jefferson City, Missouri, will attend the different Courts held at the capital, and in the adjoining counties. Also, to the collection of debts; and persons who wish to have investments made in the West may be assured that his long acquaintance here would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage. tf

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N. C., will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

LEVI M. SCOTT.——WILLIAM L. SCOTT.

SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Greensborough, N. C., will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Forsythe, Orange and Rockingham. All claims entrusted to them for collection, will receive prompt attention. Office on North Elm street, fourth door from Lindsay's corner. jan 21-1y

Periodicals.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, is one of the cheapest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published, each volume containing at least 480 pages, in neat style, with fine cover and advertising sheet. The two volumes will be furnished for only $5 at the year 1860. Clubs remitting us $15 in one letter, will be entitled to six copies.

THE MESSENGER will, as heretofore, present its readers with reviews, historical and biographical sketches, novels, tales, travels, essays, poems, critiques, and papers on the army, navy, and other national subjects. The editorial and critical department will continue under the charge of Jno. R. Thompson, Esq. The business department is conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications of a business nature must be addressed.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSSON & CO.,
jan7-4f Cor. Bank and 12th Sts., Richmond, Va.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The third volume of this journal commenced with the year 1860. It will be published monthly, at

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

and each number will contain thirty-two pages of reading matter.

THE JOURNAL is neatly printed on good book paper, with some improvements, and efforts will be made to improve it in every respect, in proportion to the encouragement received from those to whom it looks for support.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association, and is under its control; and it is the aim and wish of the committee to whom the management of it is entrusted, to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

THE JOURNAL is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And, since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy of THE JOURNAL for each school district in their respective counties," special attention will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools.—Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly requested to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

TERMS: One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance: anyone sending ten new subscribers, will be entitled to one copy extra. All subscriptions to begin with the January No., so long as the back numbers can be supplied.

THE JOURNAL and THE TIMES, one year, for $2 50.

The First Volume of THE JOURNAL will be sent, free of postage, for $2, and the Second for $1.

The Second Volume will be furnished neatly bound, when orders indicate a sufficient demand to justify it, at $1 50; and when ordered by the "Board," for all the schools of a county, at $1 10. Address, J. D. CAMPBELL,
tf Greensborough, N. C.

Advertisements inserted at the same rates as heretofore.

THE CHRISTIAN SUN, SUFFOLK, VA., is published every Friday at $1.50 per annum, in advance. Rev. W. B. WELLONS, editor.

THE SUN is devoted to Religion, Morality, Temperance, Education and News, and is the organ of the Christian Church, South. As a religious and family paper it takes high ground, and is free from party and sectarian bigotry—open and independent in advocating the peculiar sentiments of the CHRISTIANS, but liberal and charitable towards Christians of all other denominations. Sketches of the Life and Character of many of the most prominent living men of Eastern Virginia will be continued through the approaching volume.

The 17th volume will commence on the 15th of April, at which time the paper will be ENLARGED and IMPROVED. New subscribers solicited from the liberal and charitable of all denominations. Address, W. B. WELLONS,
apr7-4f Suffolk, Va.

Educational.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next session of this school will commence the First Monday in January, 1860, and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us.

dec24-4f E. F. WATSON.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE.—The collegiate year of this institution begins on the Last Thursday in July, and ends on the Second Thursday in June.

TERMS PER SESSION OF TWENTY-ONE WEEKS: Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra,) $50; tuition $30, incidental tax $1, French $10, Latin or Greek $5; oil painting $20, other styles in proportion; music on piano $22 50, music on guitar $21, graduation fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

FACULTY: Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., president, and professor of natural sciences and belles-lettres; W. F. Aldermann, A. M., treasurer, and professor of Latin and mathematics; Theo. F. Wolfe, professor of music; W. C. A. Frerichs, professor of drawing, painting and French; Miss Bettie Carter, Miss Lizzie Mayhew, Miss Alla D. Clary, assistants in literary department; Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Fannie Ogburn, Miss Addie Sussdorff, assistants in music; Miss L. C. Van Vleck, teacher of guitar; Miss Josephine M. Flint, teacher of vocal music; Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Mrs. Kate Smith, boarding department.

UNIFORM, &c.: The winter uniform is, mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets, trimmed with blue; summer, white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information address, T. M. JONES,
11-1y Greensboro, N. C.

Miscellaneous.

NEW STOCK OF HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, UMBRELLAS, &c.—I desire to invite the attention of country merchants and purchasers generally to my new stock of Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Umbrellas, Canes, &c., which is now very full and complete, comprising a great variety of styles and qualities suited to the spring and summer trade. The stock has been selected with great care from the most approved manufacturers, and is well adapted to the wants of this section of country, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to please. JAMES E. WOLFE,
mrch24-1y No. 17 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

1860 .....SPRING TRADE..... 1860

THE MERCHANTS OF VIRGINIA, North Carolina, and Tennessee, are earnestly requested to examine our stock of DRY GOODS for the ensuing season, consisting of a large assortment of

English and French Dress Goods for ladies,	
Irish Linens,	Worsted Cords,
Blay Linens,	Cloths,
White Cambrics,	Farmer Drills,
Jaconets,	Dunlaps,
Swiss and Embroidered Muslins,	Cottonades,
	Vestings,
Brilliants,	Threads, Spool Cotton,
Alpaccas,	Italian Cloths,
Plain DeLaines,	Farmers' Satins,
Ginghams, Prints,	Hoosiery,
English and French Drap d'Etes,	
Linen, Cambric, Silk, Cotton and Gingham Handk'fs.	

All of our own importation, and selected in the European markets in person by our experienced and judicious agent, Mr. WILLIAM BELL, formerly in the Dry Goods Jobbing business in this place. Also, a large and attractive stock of AMERICAN FABRICS, all of which we will sell to the trade as low and upon as favorable terms as they can be bought in any market in this country.

ELLETT & DREWRY
mrb31-6m No. 11 Pearl st., Richmond, Va.

Business Cards.

W. GRAYDON.....J. GRAYDON.....G. H. SEELEY.....W. A. SCOTT.

A. PERRY SPERRY, of North Carolina, Bro, with WM. GRAYDON & Co., importers and jobbers of Dry Goods, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay st., New York. 2-1y

FINLEY JOHNSON, being well known as a Writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write orations, addresses, essays, presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the press, write acrostics, lines for albums, obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Post-office address, New York city. 107-tf

GEO. H. KELLY, BOOKSELLER, No. 27 Market street, Wilmington, N. C., keeps constantly on hand every variety of school books, miscellaneous books, blank books, drawing books, music books, foolscap and letter papers, ladies' note and billet paper, artist materials of all kinds, letter presses, letter copying books, inks, pencils, envelopes, law books, doctor books, drawing papers, photographs for Grecian and oil paintings, Wm. Knabe & Co.'s celebrated piano fortes, Grover & Baker sewing machines, and Cooper sewing machines. Also, for any of the above articles promptly filled and forwarded by mail, railroad, or otherwise. jan1-6m

HECTOR DAVIS, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant for the sale of Negroes, Franklin st., Richmond, Va. Sells Negroes both publicly and privately, and pledges his best efforts to get the highest prices. mrh31-6mp

J. J. CHAPLIN, BOOK-BINDER, at the old "Star" office, (opposite the Presbyterian Church) Raleigh, N. C., respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity, that he will promptly attend to the binding of newspapers magazines, and periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms. jun1-tf

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER, and dealer in Furniture, near the N. C. Railroad depot, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand or will make to order all kinds of cabinet-furniture, such as dressing-bureaus, wardrobes, washstands, cottage-bedsteads, coffins, &c. Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work, as he is confident from his past experience it cannot be excelled. Work delivered on board the cars free of charge. 127-1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL Purchasing and Commission Merchant, and dealer in pianos, melodeons, pumps, safes, sewing machines, &c., No. 147 Chambers street, New York. Commission for buying and forwarding, two and a half per cent. Also, sole proprietor of the American Pump, raising water in all depths under 15 feet, by hand. Also, publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. Carolina," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c. *Refers to* messrs. McPherters & Gwaltin, John B. Odom, Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington; W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D.D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Story, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. W. A. Graham; Hon. J. W. Ellis, Hon. D. L. Swain, Charles F. Deems, D.D., North Carolina; Myatt & Taylor, Ala. tf

J. W. WIGGINS, AGENT, (late of Raleigh, N. C.,) General Commission and Produce Merchant, 137 Sycamore street, Petersburg, Va. He will fill orders of every kind promptly. jan 14-1y

JOHN B. LONDON.....JOHN B. BRYAN,
Late of Wilmington, N. C. Late of Raleigh N. C.

LONDON & BRYAN, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 32 India street, Boston, Mass., will devote their attention to the sale of naval stores, cotton, lumber, and Southern produce generally; also to purchasing and shipping all orders for goods, &c. We are prepared to extend the usual facilities to all consignments. dec7-4mp

O. S. BALDWIN, WILMINGTON, N. C., FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILOR, has secured the services of A CUTTER FROM PARIS, whose taste and ability, either on Civic or Military Work, will be appreciated by gentlemen who desire to keep pace with the mutations of Fashion.

OUR CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS, purchased by the case, and of

OUR OWN IMPORTATION,

present an assortment specially attractive, and from which no gentleman, however fastidious can fail to select an outfit for the season.

WORKMEN OF THE HIGHEST SKILL AND ABILITY are employed in our Manufacturing Department, and no expense is spared in producing, in their most attractive forms, all the minor details of a

GENTLEMAN'S COSTUME!

Orders will be promptly attended to. Address,
O. S. BALDWIN,
apr7-6m No. 38 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND WATCHMAKER, West-market street, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand a splendid stock of fine and fashionable jewelry of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral jewelry. He has also a stock of fine gold and silver watches. All repairing done in the best manner, and warranted. All persons wishing to purchase jewelry will do well to call on him before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market. aug1-tf

PORTER & GORRELL, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the drug business, with accuracy and dispatch. With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy stock on hand, which has been selected with unusual care, we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to physicians and others who may give us a call. Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable drugs. Special attention will be given to orders. tf

R. G. STAPLES, CARD-WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less written and forwarded, pre-paid for $1 50 per pack; cards of more than two lines $2 00 per pack, pre-paid to the address of those ordering. tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Norfolk, Va., are prepared to receive and dispose of advantageously any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience together with every facility and ability, enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for and refer to among others: P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan. Authorized agents for THE TIMES, to receive subscriptions, etc. tf-1y

R. L. DICKINSON, (successor to Binford, Dickinson & Weisiger,) manufacturers of all kinds of Silk and Fur Hats, and wholesale dealer in Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Furs, No. 78 Main st., Richmond, Va. mrh31-1y

RICHARDSON & CO., deal exclusively in, and keep for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at their ware-rooms, No. 95 Main st., Richmond, Va., all kinds of Carpetings, Mattings, Floor Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Curtain Goods, Window Shades, Table Oil Cloths, Piano and Table Covers, &c. They will have made to order Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Curtains and Shades. mrh 31-6m.p

WM. PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, Fayetteville street, Raleigh, will supply designs, working drawings, specifications and superintendence for churches, public and private buildings, etc. He respectfully refers to those by whom he has been engaged in this State: New Baptist Church committee, Raleigh, University building committee, Chapel Hill; new Court-house committee, Yanceyville, Caswell county; R. S. Tucker, W. M. Boylan, W. C. Harrison, Raleigh; W. S. Battle, Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe county, and others. All letters on business, addressed box 106, Raleigh, N. C., promptly attended to. tf

WILLIAM C. DONNEL, PHOTOGRAPHIST, Garrett's new building, is taking pictures at fifty cents and upwards. Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please, he makes no charge. 38-1y

J. F. WADSWORTH, D. B. TURNER, G. S. PALMER.

WADSWORTH, TURNER & CO., No. 18 Fourteenth st., Richmond, Va., wholesale dealers in foreign and domestic Dry Goods, and agents for the N. C. Rock Island Co., offer a very extensive stock of rich Fancy and Staple spring and summer Goods, which they will sell on as favorable terms as they can be purchased in any market in the United States. mr31-6mp

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the firm of COLE & AMIS must come forward and settle, as the books must be closed. feb11-tf.